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CNN SURRENDERS IN BELGRADE
CHARLES LANE

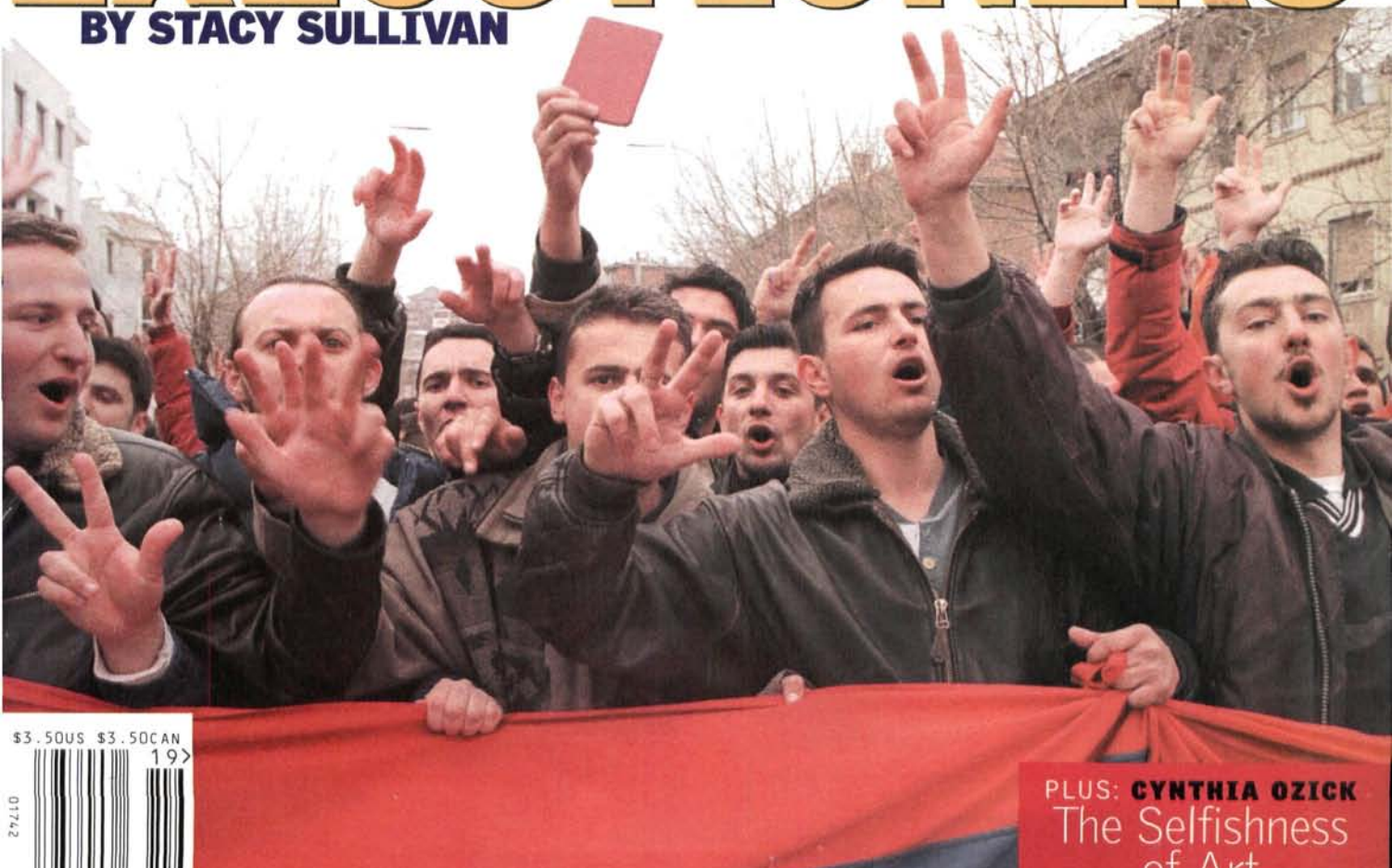
THE MAN BEHIND "GAY CONVERSION"
MICHELLE COTTLE

THE NEW REPUBLIC

May 10, 1999

MILOSEVIC'S WILLING EXECUTIONERS

BY STACY SULLIVAN



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A Journal of Politics and the Arts

WASHINGTON, D.C.
MAY 10, 1999
ISSUE 4,399

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On the Cover : AP Photo/Srdjan Ilic
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THE NEW REPUBLIC, Vol. 220, Number 19, Issue 4,399, May 10, 1999. (Printed in the U.S. on April 21, 1999.) Published weekly (except for combined issues dated Jan. 4 & 11, April 26 & May 3, July 19 & 26, and Sept. 13 & 20, 1999) at 1220 19th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036. Telephone (202) 331-7494. For advertising inquiries, please contact Ann Rossaki at (202) 331-7494 or Marti Meyerson Hooper in our NY sales office at (212) 925-5790. Yearly subscriptions, $59.94; foreign, $99.94 (U.S. funds); Canada, $79.94 (U.S. funds). Back issues, $4.00 (includes postage & handling). **© 1999 by The New Republic, Inc.** **(ISSN 0028-6583). Periodicals postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Rights and permissions: fax 202-331-0275. Indexed in Readers' Guide, Media Review Digest. Microform, Canadian Periodical Index, CD-ROM, issue and article copies are available through University Microfilms Intnl., 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Telephone 1-800-521-0600. Postmaster: send change of address to The New Republic, P.O. Box 37298, Boone, IA 50037-0298. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Unsolicited manuscripts can be returned only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope (Internet mail address: tnr@aol.com). For subscription inquiries or problems call 1-800-827-1289 or visit our website at www.thenewrepublic.com.**

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They claimed they were making vaccines.

But what was really going on in those labs?

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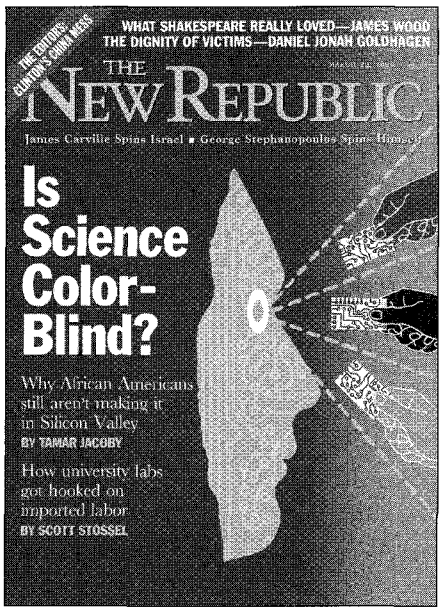
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THE DIGNITY OF VICTIMS—DANIEL JONAH GOLDHAGEN
THE NEW REPUBLIC
James Carville Spins Israel ■ George Stephanopoulos Spins Himself
Is Science Color-Blind?
Why African Americans still aren't making it in Silicon Valley
BY TAMAR JACOBY
How university labs got hooked on imported labor
BY SCOTT STOSSEL

TO THE EDITORS:
Tamar Jacoby's "Color Bind" (March 29) leaves the reader with the impression that, as a high school principal in Silicon Valley, I thought it would be "unrealistic" to expect underachieving African American students to be able to matriculate successfully in college preparatory classes such as algebra and science. But that's the polar opposite of what we discussed in her recent visit to California. In fact, I shared with her some promising methodologies pioneered by mathematician Uri Treisman, such as AVID (Advancement Via Individual Determination), which we currently employ to mitigate the achievement gap between black and white students.

But more important than the AVID program, which could be construed by some as a Band-Aid, is the attitude and paradigm shift we are pursuing. My staff is aggressively involved in examining our performance data, redesigning our school's mission statement, and creating new action plans that push all students, regardless of race, creed, or color, to excel. This is the systematic, not-so-glamorous work those of us in the trenches perform daily. This is the tireless work schools must engage in to truly affect the growing gap in math, science, and technology. Schools must restructure to make college preparatory courses accessible. We must expect African American students to do homework. We all must care less about an interception or touchdown and more about African American students acing academic exams and scoring higher on the SAT. As an institution, we must give academic/tutorial support, rather than more practice time on a jump shot, to those students who need it.

African American students are just as interested in learning as other ethnic groups. At Carlmont, we are building a school community and culture committed to the pursuit of excellence for all students. You walk through our doors, and we expect you to learn.

I am no Pollyanna. I know my school, like most American public high schools, struggles daily to find the effective methods and best practices to eliminate the achievement gap between black and white students. But for Tamar Jacoby to not "get it" and misquote me after spending a morning at Carlmont is extremely disappointing. We cannot afford to crush the academic spirits of African American students by setting a different set of standards and expectations for them. We need to do a better job of making everyone understand the consequences of African American students not having the same rigorous academic experiences as their counterparts. The dignity of all human beings in our free and democratic society is riding on it.

DEBBRA LINDO
Principal
Carlmont High School
Belmont, California

TO THE EDITORS:
In "Color Bind," Tamar Jacoby raises some provocative questions. Unfortunately, some of them were not the most helpful questions for developing a better cadre of black science achievers.

Did I miss a clear examination of financial hurdles faced by a first-generation college student from an underprivileged family? Educators at historically black colleges, many of the same ones Jacoby praised, say anemic financial support is the number one cause of dropouts in their technology programs. Add in the need to "succeed" quickly and the corresponding lack of relatives or family friends able to provide mentoring about the unfamiliar territory of technology, and the mysteries about why so few blacks stay the course fall away.

Also missing was a clear focus on what affirmative action really has achieved. The National Science Foundation and National Institutes of Health efforts Jacoby finds so unsparing, while in themselves highly effective, could not possibly be all Americans could do to equalize the learning tools available to underprivileged blacks.

I, like many in the '60s generation, entered affirmative action programs

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multiple times and emerged to find my fellow white students and professional colleagues no better qualified in aptitude, intelligence, or perspective than myself. And I, for one, deeply resent the notion that having doors forcibly opened where they were once solidly locked made me and my generation somehow less sure we belonged.

GARLAND L. THOMPSON
Editorial Director
U.S. Black Engineer & Information Technology
Baltimore, Maryland

TO THE EDITORS:
Tamar Jacoby's article is a much-needed fresh analysis to appear in public on the subject of African Americans and science. As a professional educator who has devoted his career to providing access to more and better educational opportunities for minority populations, I agree completely with Jacoby's thesis that the problem is more complex than race or lack of affirmative action.

Jacoby is correct in pointing out the important role historically black colleges and universities play in closing the gap by training a disproportionate number of undergraduates who go on to careers in engineering or science. However, she did not say that these institutions have been successful in doing this with only a fraction of the support received by other colleges and universities. One can only imagine the progress the nation could make in solving this critical problem if more support went to the black college community.

LEONARD L. HAYNES III
Silver Spring, Maryland

TO THE EDITORS:
Without in any way detracting from the value of Tamar Jacoby's article, I would like to correct her statement that Michele de Coteau comes from a blue-collar family. Her grandfather was a violinist who studied at the Conservatoire National in Paris. Her father received both undergraduate and graduate degrees from New York University and a doctorate from Stanford. He has had a distinguished career as a world-class conductor. He is now music director emeritus of the San Francisco Ballet.

ROBERT M. LYNESS
Berkeley, California

TAMAR JACOBY REPLIES:
I'm saddened that Debbra Lindo so misunderstood the paragraph in my article about the important work she and her staff at Carlmont High School are doing to prepare minority students for college. I left the school full of admiration for her efforts and troubled only by the difficulty of the challenge she faces. I have no doubt that many of her students do well in algebra and college-prep science. But Carlmont does not require those courses for graduation because, I understood Lindo to say, so many other students could not be expected to pass them. My apologies to Michele de Coteau for mischaracterizing her background. As for Garland L. Thompson's claim that what's needed to improve the representation of blacks in science is a matter of money and more affirmative action, I wish it were so. Those are things we know how to provide. Unfortunately, I believe, the problem is more difficult than that and the real solutions more elusive.

The Global Laboratory

TO THE EDITORS:
Scott Stossel wonders if foreign scientists working in the United States depress the wages of native-born academics ("Uncontrolled Experiment," March 29). The answer is yes. Whenever the supply of a good or input increases, in this case scientific knowledge, its price will decline. Consider how the cheap labor provided by an army of foreign-born nannies, gardeners, and farm workers has enhanced the quality of life and the buying power of anyone with a college degree, a small business, or even a small stock portfolio, all the while

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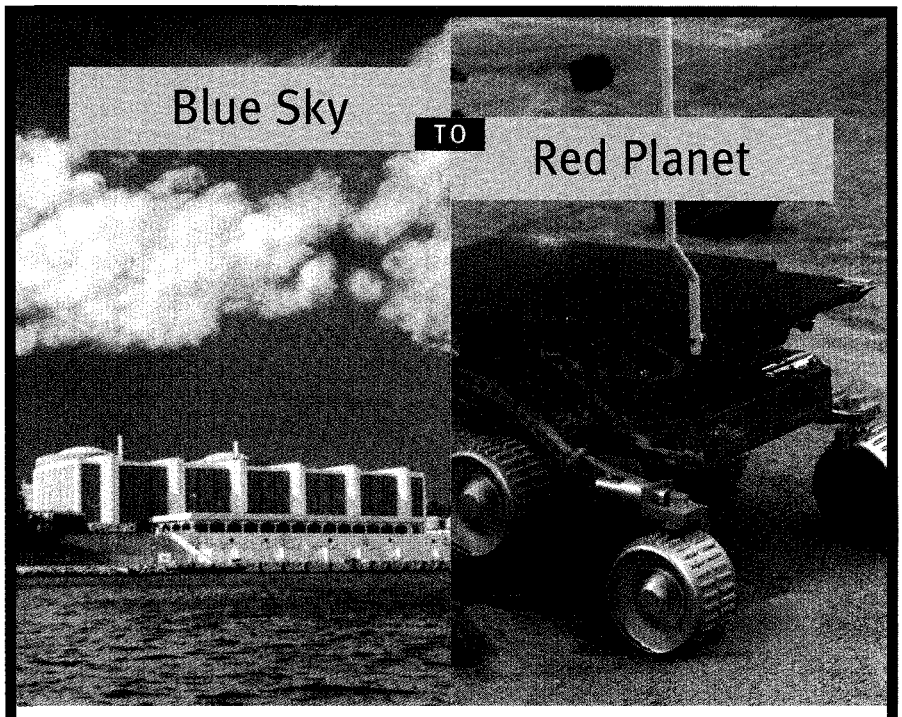

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

Power Surge

SOON THE AIRWAVES may be choked with television commercials in which Bill Murray or Heather Locklear smilingly urges you to switch electricity providers, possibly by dialing "10-10" followed by some incomprehensible 30-digit number. To get power, instead of throwing a switch, you will have to listen to a pitch. Five-cent kilowatt-hours on weekends! No baseload charges!

Electric-utility deregulation is coming—two weeks ago, President Clinton proposed legislation that would allow all homeowners to pick an electricity supplier like they pick a phone company. Given the $220 billion yearly revenues of the power industry, the bill would make airline and phone deregulation seem like warm-up exercises.

The United States already enjoys the world's cheapest electric power, with reliable service and ample capacity. So why should we take one of the few simple things about modern life and render it confusingly complex? Because the potential efficiency gains are huge. Economists have long chafed at utility monopolies that forbid competitors from entering markets and at the cumbersome overlapping of state public-utility boards. And, under the traditional system of cost-plus rate-setting, utilities have little incentive to innovate. Basking in government-guaranteed returns and monopoly sinecure, utility executives grew accustomed to living like bankers once did: short workdays, regular golf outings, the customer be damned. This culture found its ultimate expression last year, when William J. Catacosinos, chairman of Long Island Lighting Co., grabbed for himself a $42 million bonus just before New York state essentially took over his poorly run company.

Electricity deregulation might produce a burst of competition that would drive out the Lilcos of the world and replace them with lean, customer-conscious producers. This is the main reason the Clinton administration predicts that its bill could reduce national power costs by $20 billion annually, an annual savings of about $232 per family.

The wholesale power market, in which utilities sell volts and amps to one another, is already deregulated, one reason kilowatt-hour rates have hardly risen during the 1990s. Clinton's bill would essentially require states to deregulate the retail end of the business, too—as California, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island have already done—with each customer having at least two power companies to choose from. The White House plan would also increase the authority of the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission, which supervises the nation's power grid; create an Electric Reliability Organization to make sure that cost-cutting producers don't shirk their responsibility to maintain capacity and lines; establish a fund to aid the small-town and rural customers whose rates would rise under a free-market regime; and require that at least 7.5 percent of future electricity come from "non-hydroelectric renewable sources," such as solar and wind power. The bill also throws a few bones to nuclear power but seems calculated to avoid making zero-greenhouse-gas nuclear energy desirable again.

If telephone deregulation is any guide, the initial phases of power deregulation will be characterized by 23-page disclaimers, few real choices, and no real savings. That is roughly what's happened so far in California. California has lots of action in the power wholesale sector, but no new major enterprise has jumped into home service; and the new deregulated rates are heavy on double-talk—a price reduction, but one financed by bonds that ratepayers (i.e., taxpayers) are obligated to pay off!

Meanwhile, far less than one percent of California households have opted for one of the projected virtues of deregulation, the ability to pay a little more for "green" power certified as produced from renewable sources. Sounds good, but customers have been put off by the realization that, if you do pay extra for green power, you don't actually get it. Since all electricity is identical, it's impossible to tag green power for specific customers. When someone pays for green power, the money supports producers trying to establish renewable production technology, but these producers' electricity is just fed into the general grid. Thus, you may pay extra to patronize green power, but the actual green watts, for all you know, go to your neighbor, who's opted for the least-cost plan. This is not a great moment in marketing.

But remember that, after telephone competition shook out for a few years, real choices came about, prices did fall, and an explosion of innovation took place. Not even the most avid proponents of phone deregulation would have predicted ten cent long-distance rates and cell phones for the masses. The same may apply for electricity deregulation—infuriating at first but eventually rewarding. Among other things, deregulation is likely to speed the shift to natural gas as a generating fuel, and gas causes lower greenhouse and smog emissions than coal does.

Though most Republicans support power deregulation, it's uncertain whether Clinton's bill can move through Congress. Frank Murkowski of Alaska, who chairs the Senate Energy and Natural Resources Committee, has said: "If this bill raises rural electric rates, it is not going to get out of my committee." Republicans hope to make the Kyoto greenhouse-control treaty a showdown issue, and in this context the fact that power deregulation may spark market reductions in greenhouse gases could, illogically, become a strike against the idea—Clinton's opponents will say that the deregulation bill covertly serves the Kyoto agenda.

Nor are Democrats entirely in a row on the subject. John Dingell of Michigan, the senior Democrat on the House Commerce Committee, has noted that, while the Clinton bill mandates competition, it simultaneously adds new layers of regulation, such as the mysterious Electric Reliability Organization. And there will be a lobbying free-for-all regarding the renewable-energy clause, since a previous attempt by Congress to mandate renewable-energy purchases by power companies had the perverse, unintended consequence of forcing utilities to pass up cheap power and buy expensive kilowatts. Taking such factors into account, Senator Jeff Bingaman, the ranking Democrat on the Senate Energy and Natural Resources Committee, urged the White House to offer a modest bill that could be enacted. Instead, the administration chose to pursue extensive reform at a time when Clinton is distracted by a war and his own soon-to-be lame-duck status.

But the president might as well try for power deregulation, since it is likely to be in the nation's long-term interest. And any new utility reality may be only transitional, anyway. The technological trend is toward small devices such as hydrogen-powered "fuel cells" that can produce electricity right where it's required. It is not inconceivable that within a few decades the central utility will collapse under its own weight, supplanted by millions of little, privately owned power generators in people's own homes—the same way that the old system of central steam heating was supplanted by the individual home furnace. Or the way that the old, stodgy, landline phone network is being supplanted by the runaway of cheap wireless phones.

GREGG EASTERBROOK

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WHITE HOUSE WATCH

Shy Guy

THE FOLLOWING is an EXCLUSIVE report, as the tabloids would say, on the vice president's trip up to New Hampshire last weekend. This particular EXCLUSIVE, admittedly, was not the result of any great initiative by your correspondent. I was simply the only journalist who showed up at Andrews Air Force Base for Al Gore's flight.

OK, so there were a few local reporters waiting when we landed. Still, the light coverage is a sign of the times for Gore, who has hit a rough patch in his presidential campaign. That same day, as Gore traveled to New Hampshire for the fourth time this year, a fresh poll by Pew Research Center found his favorability rating plunging to 47 percent from 58 percent last year. A day earlier, a *USA Today* poll found Bill Bradley with a better-than-expected 34 percent support to Gore's 54 percent. What press Gore gets has been about his miscues: how Senator Gore invented the Internet, how as a child denizen of Washington's Fairfax Hotel he was actually a farmhand, and how he opposes the use of ground troops in Kosovo supposedly to protect his own ambitions. All over the country, people have been complaining about him—that he's the Democrats' Bob Dole, that he's condescending, or that he doesn't "connect."

The purpose of this EXCLUSIVE report, therefore, is to answer a perplexing question: What's Al Gore's deal? Divining the answer is complicated by the fact that those who follow Gore the closest tend to like him the most. In this regard, he is the exact opposite of Clinton. Though the masses love the president, the closer one gets to Clinton, the more phony and repellent the chief becomes. Gore, on the other hand, is a personable fellow who has trouble convincing the masses of it. "When the curtain's drawn, Gore's a likable guy," says one reporter who follows the vice president closely. "He says cuss words. He jokes. He's a guy you can sit and have a beer with. Then he goes out and gives this screeching speech. It sounds like somebody's stepping on his foot. You can't believe it's the same guy."

In New Hampshire on Saturday, I found both drinking buddy and screecher. When Gore stopped at the studio of Manchester's all-important WMUR-TV for a live interview, his performance was lifeless. He walked into the studio with a gray suit and a tie pulled tight. And he sat rod-straight in his chair, his jacket buttoned, his hands flat on his knees. He swallowed frequently, reciting his lines in didactic, sing-song style. When he smiled, it seemed more of a grimace. Out of the camera's view, his feet shifted and his toe tapped.

The performance was baffling, for I had seen an entirely different man just half an hour earlier in a living room in nearby Salem. There, Gore stood before 80 people, wearing a casual checked shirt, with neither note cards nor podium nor microphone. This time he spoke with emotion and apparent pleasure. He brought the audience into the conversation, and he timed his jokes well. Instead of lecturing, he spoke in a normal cadence. He rose to grand themes, promising "truly revolutionary change in our public schools," demanding universal preschool for every child, and vowing "to restore the American spirit to our body politic." After his talk, he worked the crowd on the front lawn as if he were the guy from down the street.

The trouble with such "house party" meetings is that, if Gore wants to reach all voters with these hour-long appearances, he must visit eight million living rooms before Election Day, his aides calculate. Even if he cut that down to two million living rooms by targeting the most likely voters, the process would take him 228 years, assuming he went without sleep.

Why can't Gore make his private side public? His friends offer an explanation at once simple and peculiar: the vice president of the United States, they say, is a shy man, able to open up in a small setting but not on a large stage. "He is probably the shyest man who has ever risen this high in American public life," says Bob Squier, Gore's friend and media strategist. "He has difficulty sharing himself with strangers." A better but related explanation suggests that Gore's problem is a fairly ordinary one. He connects when he's genuinely talking with people but finds it awkward to inject emotion into a speech in the abstract, like an actress who must weep in each performance. "He can't affect emotion," a senior Gore aide says. "He needs to interact with another person to show emotion."

Of course, Gore is bound to take a beating regardless these days, because he's fighting a primary and general election all at once. Even as Bradley hammers away at him, a Republican group has been airing ads in California ridiculing Gore for his Internet paternity claim. Gore's predicament is startlingly like George Bush's in 1987. In April of that year, a head-to-head poll matching Bush and Bob Dole showed Bush with a 54–35 lead over Dole, an almost identical margin to Gore's lead over Bradley. At the time, *The New York Times* wrote about how Bush was "unable to garner support from rank-and-file Republicans," raised doubts about his "ability to lead," and went on to discuss his gaffes and the perception that he was "not a strong and decisive person."

There's little Gore can do about his No. 2 blues, at least until George W. Bush hits the trail in June. For now, aides are trying to find ways to get Gore's story out without forcing him to brag about himself—a gaffe-prone situation that has produced Gore's lines about the Internet, the farm work, and, earlier, his *Love Story* misstep. Eventually, he might use the living-room meeting in advertising. The vice president is also juggling personnel. This week, Gore brought in a new communications director, Laura Quinn, from Senator Tom Daschle's office; she replaces Patricia Ewing, who's leaving for the Democratic National Committee, where she will try to blunt the GOP attack on Gore.

Meanwhile, the candidate is busy crossing New Hampshire one living room at a time. "Hi, George, how are you?" he was saying on Saturday to a fellow who reminded him of a similar meeting in '88. "I remember it well," Gore replied, then: "Hi, Pat. Hi, Penny." He spent the next hour, hands in pockets or folded on his chest, chatting easily about everything from his daughter's pregnancy to the economy. "When he gets in a crowd like this, he loosens up," said Randy Filiault, a Keene city councilor and bar owner. "It's unfortunate the rest of the country can't see what we do."

The rest of the country sees only a tense Gore on TV these days reciting a script on Kosovo. Gore aides say the vice president, if discussing a military action on TV, should wear a suit and tie. But it seems to me they're equating seriousness with stuffiness. Nobody thought the casually clad Gore was out of line, for example, when he spoke movingly at one of the house parties of a young girl in Kosovo driven from her home, or when he drew a parallel to the Holocaust using the Hebrew, *Yom Hashoah*. He was without suit, without notes, and, for the moment, without condescension. It's a pity for Gore only 80 people were there. At this rate, he'll have the presidency wrapped up in the year 2227.

DANA MILBANK

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WHEN HISTORY ASKS WHO STOOD UP TO EVIL IN KOSOVO, THE ANSWER WILL BE: NATO.

The world could see the slaughter coming. Diplomats worked furiously to prevent it — and, for a time, succeeded.

But when Yugoslavia's Slobodan Milosevic, in the name of a nationalism run amok, once again led Serbia to betray its proud anti-Nazi legacy and set an army and police at the throat of the Kosovo Albanians, one international force had the resolve to stand up to Belgrade's policy of barbarism.

NATO, the guarantor of European security for half a century, rose to the challenge of defending Kosovo's ethnic Albanians. Nineteen countries acted in unison to stop the violence against the Kosovars and seek their safe return under international protection.

In this noble mission, NATO must prevail. What is at stake in Kosovo isn't oil or commerce or trading routes. What is at stake are basic principles: human rights, human dignity, the credibility of deterrence, collective security. With determination and courage, NATO weighed the difficult choices and chose to act — because it was right, because the alternative would give tyrants a green light to terrorize civilian populations and destroy the fabric of international order.

Sometimes conscience demands the application of force.

We recognize the sacrifice made by each NATO member to arrest evil in Kosovo. In this dark century, witness to unspeakable acts of inhumanity, we applaud the alliance for taking a principled stand.

To join us in expressing appreciation to the 19 NATO members — Belgium, Canada, the Czech Republic, Denmark, France, Germany, Greece, Hungary, Iceland, Italy, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, Norway, Poland, Portugal, Spain, Turkey, the United Kingdom, and the United States — write their Permanent Representatives, c/o NATO Headquarters, Brussels, Belgium. Tell them how much you value their efforts and urge them to stay the course.

History has taught us — or should have taught us — that diplomacy and reason have their limits in dealing with a Milosevic. Sometimes conscience demands the application of force. In these times, as always, we are grateful for NATO.

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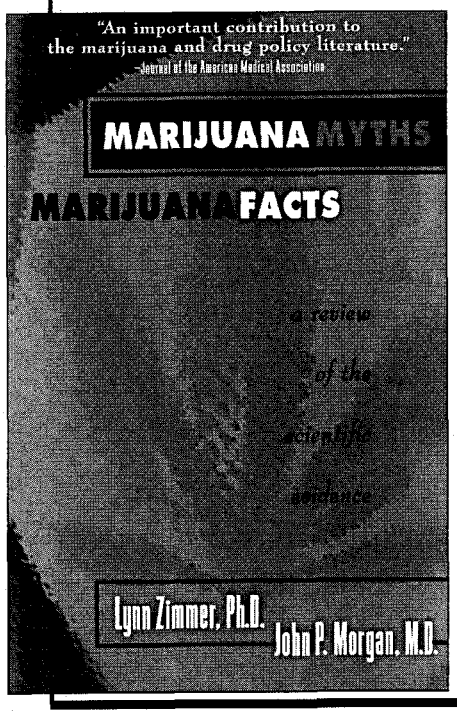
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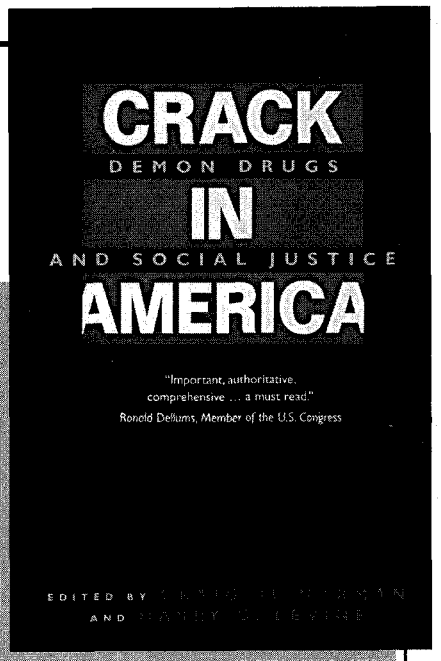

CRACK IN AMERICA
Demon Drugs and Social Justice
Edited by CRAIG REINARMAN
and HARRY G. LEVINE

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Unhappy Birthday

ON APRIL 4, 1949, ten Western European countries, the United States, and Canada met in Washington to sign the North Atlantic Treaty. The document is best known for its mutual defense pact that pledged all twelve original member countries—and subsequent add-ons—to fight together against an attack on any one of them. But the agreement was a moral and political pact, too: the signatories promised the "strengthening [of] their free institutions, by bringing about a better understanding of the principles upon which these institutions are founded." And, while authoritarian member states like Greece and Turkey did not always meet the standard, they are more democratic now than in the past, suggesting that this commitment was not hollow. The alliance has endured because it defends not only territory but also principles.

Indeed, for the United States, the language of the treaty met two needs. It permanently ended the American isolationism that had encouraged the growth of irredentist tyranny on the continent after World War I. Henceforth, the United States, which had already fought two world wars in order to prevent a hostile power from seizing hegemony over Europe, would take up a preemptive role as a stabilizing force in the continent; NATO, it was said, was made to "keep the Americans in, the Soviets out, and the Germans down." In addition, a democratic superpower such as the United States could not justify such a massive overseas commitment unless it was also defined as a mission of political uplift.

By any measure, NATO performed its cold war functions magnificently. Not only were the Soviets kept out of Western Europe, but they collapsed altogether; not only were the Germans kept from reemerging as a source of danger, but they became the peaceful, democratic linchpin of an increasingly integrated continent. It is easy to forget that this all happened despite enormous Soviet efforts to break NATO apart. And NATO held together despite constant questioning of the alliance's utility from both the left and right.

Yet there should be little celebrating when the alliance's muck-a-mucks descend on Washington on April 23 for a weekend of banquets and high-minded conferences. In Kosovo, the alliance is failing to defeat Slobodan Milosevic's brutal totalitarian regime. Once again the critics are crying that NATO has outlived its purpose—even mutating into an agent of destabilization—which sounds all too credible given the pathetic results of the alliance's desultory air campaign.

The irony is that, the disappearance of the Soviet Union notwithstanding, NATO's original purposes remain as essential to a far-sighted U.S. foreign policy as they were in 1949. Without the permanent military leadership of an outside power with no stake in Western Europe's historic squabbles, those states could too easily fall back on their old habits of destructive discord—which would eventually draw the U.S. back in to straighten out the mess all over again. And Europe cannot truly develop lasting peace and prosperity without the spread of militarily secure democracies—as the fact that the wars in Yugoslavia were started by a Communist dictator would seem to demonstrate. If America retreats from Europe, who will keep Russia out? It's not that we want to return to active hostility with the Russians, but it also wouldn't be wise to leave smaller Western powers alone to deal with Moscow's nuclear-tipped diplomacy. Long-term, that's a formula for Russian bullying, German and French rearmament, or both.

Thus, those who justify the war in Kosovo as a fight to preserve NATO credibility have a point. But it's not the hollow, pious one voiced by NATO Secretary-General Javier Solana, who told *The New York Times* that NATO "may not have the means to stop [ethnic cleansing in Kosovo], but we have shown we have the will to try." The war in Kosovo isn't about getting an "A" for effort. It's about getting a "V" for victory. NATO doesn't need to show the world that its intentions are still pure after all these years. It needs to show the world that its institutions, military and political, are still effective. The war in Kosovo is not a defensive one in the sense that the alliance is rallying around a member state. But it is a defensive one in the sense that the alliance is fighting for the values that it was also formed to protect.

Russia, tellingly, has decided not to attend NATO's party. Yet the Clinton administration and the NATO bureaucracy are seemingly pursuing Russia's help in bringing about a negotiated deal with Serbia. And perhaps Moscow will sacrifice the territorial interests of its little Balkan brother in exchange for financial and other concessions from the West. But this would set a terrible precedent—rather than attempting to limit Russia's capability to call the shots in NATO's ambit (much less keeping them "out"), NATO would actually invite the Russians to rescue the alliance from the mess NATO's own bad planning created. Russia wants to play this game, but the United States and its allies shouldn't. We should fight, to win. ■

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NOTEBOOK

SMOKING GUN: The bodies in Colorado were still being counted after Tuesday's ghastly high school shooting when the National Rifle Association's henchmen took to the airwaves to reaffirm, fresh evidence to the contrary, that guns don't kill people. "Do you really believe that if we had had stricter gun-control laws ... this accident, this tragedy, would not have happened?" Dan Quayle wanted to know. Actually, this was a planned terrorist assault, not an accident. The NRA, which opens its national convention in Denver on April 30, has been backing a bill in Colorado to ease concealed-weapons restrictions. Talk about bad timing: concealing weapons was one of the nefariously useful purposes served by the favored apparel of the "Trench Coat Mafia." Republican Governor Bill Owens says the concealed-weapons legislation "is going to be something that we're going to set aside and discuss at a later time." After the funerals, perhaps?

THE DARK SIDE: We'd braced for the hype over the new *Star Wars* movie; then we saw *Time*'s cover package on the film. It's not the timing, *four weeks* before the premiere, that got our attention, or even Bill Moyers's self-parodic interview with George Lucas about the film's religious subtext. No, it was the full-page "schematic" of a light saber. *Time*'s artists elegantly illustrated how the "power cell" feeds an "energy gate," then a "cycling field energizer" and "energy modulation circuits," producing the weapon's lethal "energy blade." A cynic might suggest this illustration crossed some line separating news from entertainment, given that light sabers are actually movie props, which is to say, fake. Then again, the newsmags have been shamelessly piggybacking on the entertainment industry for years. Oh, for the days of a *Time* long ago, in a galaxy not so far, far away....

AUTHOR, AUTHOR: Congratulations to Mark Strand, our poetry editor, on receiving the Pulitzer Prize for *Blizzard of One* (Knopf), his new book of poems. Strand's verse—in his new book and in his recent books *Dark Harbor* and *The Continuous Life*—combines wit and elegy in an unforgettable way. And, in May, Harlan & Weaver in New York will show a series of Strand's etchings. Blizzard of one, indeed.

HOME NEWS: In the commotion over TNR's new look, we neglected to welcome several new contributing editors: Akhil Reed Amar, Southmayd Professor of Law at Yale Law School and author most recently of *The Bill of Rights: Creation and Reconstruction* (Yale University Press); Anthony Grafton, Dodge Professor of History at Princeton University and author most recently of *The Footnote: A Curious History* (Harvard University Press); Tony Judt, Erich Maria Remarque Professor of European Studies at New York University and author most recently of *The Burden of Responsibility: Blum, Camus, Aron, and the French Twentieth Century* (University of Chicago Press); Sherwin B. Nuland, Clinical Professor of Surgery at Yale University and author most recently of *The Wisdom of the Body* (Knopf); Cass R. Sunstein, the Karl N. Llewellyn Distinguished Service Professor of Jurisprudence in the law school and department of political science at the University of Chicago, and author most recently of *One Case at a Time: Judicial Minimalism on the Supreme Court* (Harvard University Press); and Margaret Talbot, until very recently a senior editor here and now a senior fellow at the New America Foundation. All these appointments will come as no surprise: our new contributing editors are regular contributors, and so they will continue to be.

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS: Due to an editing error, a building in Martin Filler's article ("On Architecture: Eyes on the Prize," April 26 & May 3) was misidentified. The building, by Tadao Ando, is the Chapel of the Light. ■

Serbia shackles CNN.

The Air War

By CHARLES LANE

MANY SILLY THINGS have been said on television since the air war over Yugoslavia began on March 24. But none was stranger than the April 7 report by Brent Sadler of CNN. On that day, Serbian police escorted him from Belgrade to Pristina, the capital of Kosovo. The purpose of this particular dog-and-pony show was for Western television to absorb the official Belgrade line that NATO bombing is wreaking havoc on civilian areas.

Sadler did not stray very far from the program. He reported in great detail on the destruction of a post office in Pristina and a nearby bank. "We also saw hits—direct hits—in what appeared to be a civilian area of town," Sadler told his global audience. "And we saw a huge crater in a cemetery, with tombstones scattered all over the place ... a shocking scene there."

As for Pristina's once-substantial Albanian population, Sadler was circumspect. Pristina, a "hustling and bustling town of some 200,000 people" "before the NATO bombs fell" was now "a virtual ghost town," he reported. Yet there was "no clear indication, of course, as to what happened, where all those people have gone, and under what conditions they left."

No indication? Sadler's live report, delivered on a cell phone as Slobodan Milosevic's police drove him back to his hotel, occurred after the world's media—including his own network—had already reported that the Albanian population of Pristina had been forced onto one-way trains to Macedonia. Yet, when asked by anchor Frank Sesno if he had been able to document "damage that may have been caused by the Yugoslav forces," Sadler replied that the area of heavy damage he had been taken to could only have been caused by NATO bombs. Sadler did note that he "saw a harrowing image of several people walking along a disused railway line, carrying bundles of clothing ... heading we know not where," and that there had been looting everywhere but the Serb quarter of the town. But, he repeated, "It is very difficult to give you an exact

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account—an exact estimation of what had happened, what had driven those people away."

Then Sadler signed off, leaving CNN's viewers with not much information about what was going on in Pristina—except, perhaps, the implication that NATO's bombing had triggered the mass exodus from the city.

CNN, LIKE THE other television networks, has done a fine job documenting the refugee crisis from Albania and Macedonia. Yet, inside Serb-run territory, including Kosovo, CNN and the others operate under the tight control of the Belgrade regime. They are not permitted to film anything without prior government permission. Their camera crews may only visit sites the government selects, and then only under police escort. They may transmit footage only via satellite through the state television offices in Belgrade.

Usually what they send are scenes of devastation wrought by NATO bombing, or pro-government demonstrations. Indeed, much of what we see in America is video that Milosevic's regime itself has supplied. So far, no major network's reports have actually been spiked or altered by government censors. But, since Serbian officials have never specifically told foreign TV what is permitted and what is not, it seems that correspondents and producers are obliged to exercise self-censorship, which can sometimes be the most effective kind. (I contacted Sadler at the Belgrade Hyatt hotel. After I told him I was writing a critique of his coverage, and asked him an initial question, he told me that he had to take a call from his boss and would get back to me shortly. Sadler never called back, and my subsequent calls to him had not been returned as TNR went to press.)

There is, of course, a complicated ethical issue here: What price "access"? When do the constraints of operating under the control of a violent totalitarian government that is at war both with its own people and with the United States become so great that responsible TV journalists simply pack up and go? In an era when all networks are under pressure to get as much action on the air as possible—live—the leading electronic media have all decided that the benefits of working under Belgrade's rules outweigh the risks, especially since they are balancing it with coverage originating elsewhere. "Any information, even incomplete, is better than nothing," says ABC News spokeswoman Eileen Murphy.

Fair enough. After all, the networks operated in the Soviet Union for many years. They covered the Gulf war under the watchful eyes of both American military escorts and the far more draconian "minders" of the Baghdad regime. A disclaimer noting the Serbian supervision accompanies reports from Belgrade on all the networks; Serbian government-supplied video is labeled as such. Furthermore, even a Serb-supervised reporting trip can advance the cause of truth. It is thanks to one such mission that CNN and other Western networks debunked NATO's denials of having caused the destruction of a refugee convoy in western Kosovo.

Still, viewers are entitled to question whether the networks are doing everything they possibly can to challenge the constraints and deliver truths that their handlers don't want the world to see. This is relevant in wartime, and it is particularly relevant for the 24-hour news network that has the most influence on Washington policymakers: CNN.

The story of CNN in Belgrade begins on the night of March 24, when the first NATO bombs fell. Armed thugs roamed the city, looking for CNN's senior international correspondent, Christiane Amanpour. At one point, the goons went to the Reuters bureau in Belgrade, pointed guns at the staff, and demanded to know where she was. Their threats against her were vivid and violent. Amanpour's room at the Hyatt was ransacked. Zeljko Raznjatovic, the notorious indicted war criminal known as "Arkan," who hates Amanpour because of her reporting on atrocities committed by his men, showed up at the hotel looking for Amanpour.

Fearing, logically, for her life, Amanpour managed to escape the country and wound up reporting on the ethnic cleansing of Kosovo from across the border in Albania. Such an attack on one of CNN's reporters would seem to be news itself—a relevant indicator of the nature of the regime NATO is up against, as well as part of the context for subsequent reporting out of Belgrade. CBS and ABC, whose reporters were arrested and subjected to interrogation by Milosevic's cops on the first day of the bombing, broadcast their journalists' stories as soon as they got out. At CNN, however, Amanpour's treatment went unremarked until April 15, when she delivered a brief account of it herself under the meandering questioning of Larry King. "The story is not what happens to CNN journalists," Eason Jordan, the CNN executive in charge of global news-gathering, explains. "The story is the bombing of Serbia."

CNN, TO ITS CREDIT, attempted to return Amanpour to Belgrade. But, when a senior Belgrade official told the network that Milosevic's government "could not guarantee her safety," CNN officials prudently dispatched Sadler instead.

On March 31, a sealed 1997 indictment against Arkan by the war crimes tribunal in The Hague was made public. Almost immediately thereafter, Sadler was on CNN standing alongside none other than Arkan himself. The live, 25-minute interview was not exactly a cross-examination. Arkan, in addition to his long list of human rights violations in Bosnia and Croatia, is a former bank robber who escaped from prison in the Netherlands. Sadler introduced him as a "well-known businessman" who owns a top soccer team and is married to one of the country's most popular folk singers. Sadler kept a reverent silence as Arkan attacked his own network: "You made me a war criminal a year ago when you said that I am a war criminal on CNN by Christiane Amanpour"—an apparent reference to a 1997 documentary about Arkan's role in rape and murder in Bosnia.

Sadler, referring repeatedly to Arkan as "a fighting man," didn't pause to challenge Arkan's rantings, much less to defend Amanpour's reporting. "Thank you very much, indeed, for your side of the story," Sadler told Arkan, and kicked it back to Atlanta. CNN later aired a statement standing by Amanpour's reporting. But she was clearly still steamed a few days later when Howard Kurtz of CNN's "Reliable Sources" gave her 30 seconds to voice her view that "if you're going to put an indicted war criminal on the air,

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then you really need to challenge him on the facts and on what he says."

But Sadler isn't exactly one for challenging Belgrade's flacks. Take his April 16 interview with Leposava Milicevic, Milosevic's minister of health. The softball questions sounded almost rehearsed. At Sadler's request, Milicevic delivered the news that 350 Serb civilians had been killed by NATO bombs and that, in Belgrade's hospitals, the death rate among patients had risen sevenfold since the start of the bombing. Sadler had no way to verify these claims—neither, probably, did the health minister. Sadler certainly couldn't have checked them out in two hours, which is how much time elapsed before he was back on the air, intoning that "doctors also claim that the number of deaths among the sick, not the war-wounded, has risen sharply."

BY THIS TIME, CNN anchors were at least providing a disclaimer noting that Sadler was operating under tight constraints in Belgrade. But CNN began doing this very late in the game. ABC, for example, put a disclaimer on the air immediately upon returning correspondent Morton Dean to Belgrade on April 5. Yet, as late as April 6, Sadler told the audience of "Larry King Live" that he was relatively free to work. "Here, I have not been under any censorship whatsoever," he said. "And the difficulty in getting access is not so much the authorities wanting to prevent me going out to various places but the reaction of the people of Yugoslavia, particularly [to reporters] from nations which belong to NATO. I mean, one feels very unsafe unless you have some sort of security protection which has been provided by the police here, when you come face to face with people whose homes, particularly, have been destroyed or whose businesses have been destroyed in collateral damage. And the reaction on the street is very, very violent at times." Sadler's account not only failed to mention that the real suffering was in Kosovo, not Serbia, but he also suggested that he felt personal gratitude toward, and dependence on, a branch of the very police force that was itself engaged in the cleansing of Kosovo.

CNN appears to have begun issuing a disclaimer only after the April 15 trip by Sadler's producer to Kosovo, during which the Serbs showed off the horrible results of NATO's inadvertent attack on the refugee convoy. Why not until then? "We were adapting to changing circumstances," Eason Jordan told me. Sue Binford, CNN's senior spokesperson, added that "as the escorts [of CNN reporters] stepped up, specifically the convoy, we felt we needed to reiterate to our viewers" that the network was not entirely a free agent in Serbia. And since about that time, too, Sadler's reports have acquired a somewhat more skeptical tone, as when he asked Serbian flack Nebojsa Vujovic, "Are you now using these images of this civilian suffering, these deaths, in a way to manipulate international public opinion and to undermine the resolve of NATO to continue the bombing campaign?"

For all the networks' protestations that they have a vital function to perform in Belgrade, even under censorship, the best reporting from the Serbian camp has been done by newspaper reporters, who among other things operate under looser constraints, probably because Milosevic understands that TV images really move public opinion. For example, unlike CNN, Michael Dobbs of *The Washington Post* used the Serb-authorized trip to the bombed convoy to scour for information, however sketchy, about atrocities against Albanians. His April 17 story, headlined "SERBS RULE IN KOSOVO'S VACANT VILLAGES—ROAD TRIP FINDS REMAINING ALBANIANS GRIPPED BY FEAR," ran on page one.

On the Internet, Slate.com has been relying on Belgrade dispatches from Masha Gessen, an Eastern Europe hand who has also contributed to TNR. One of these daily reports revealed that the Serbs are positioning troops and equipment in civilian structures. "A makeshift military camp has been set up in the park next to the St. Sava Cathedral, the unfinished largest Orthodox church in the world," the reporter wrote on April 8. "Unlike other large buildings, which are blacked out at night, St. Sava is illuminated. A bomb that hit it would be a godsend for Milosevic." Puts the collateral damage issue in a more complicated context, doesn't it?

Restrictions or no, you'd think Sadler and his TV colleagues might at least try to walk over to the cathedral and see for themselves. Even if they couldn't take any pictures, they might at least try to mention the facts on the air or to get the news back to the United States, where another correspondent or anchor could air it. If a website can do it, why can't the global network of record—the news organization that, as anchor Bernard Shaw recently told his audience, provides "the latest, most accurate, fairest, and most balanced report on the crisis in Kosovo"? ■

Waiting for the Apaches.

Flight Delay

By BRYAN BENDER

WITHIN DAYS OF the first NATO air strikes against Serbia, as the speed and ruthlessness of Serbia's ethnic-cleansing campaign in Kosovo became horrifyingly clear, NATO Commander Gen. Wesley Clark forwarded an urgent request to Washington: send in the Apaches.

Considered the U.S. Army's premier attack helicopter, the Apache might be the most appropriate weapon for combating the Serbs in Kosovo. In contrast to NATO jets, the Apache flies low, practically hugging the ground; it can spot targets at night and during bad weather, making it especially good at ferreting out hard-to-spot quarry like the camouflaged tanks used by the Serbs. The Apache's laser-guided Hellfire missiles boast deadly accuracy and a four-mile range. Best of all, the Apache can deploy rapidly, reaching a battle zone on 72 hours' notice.

Yet it has taken the Apaches that Clark sought nearly a

BRYAN BENDER is Washington bureau chief for *Jane's Defence Weekly*.

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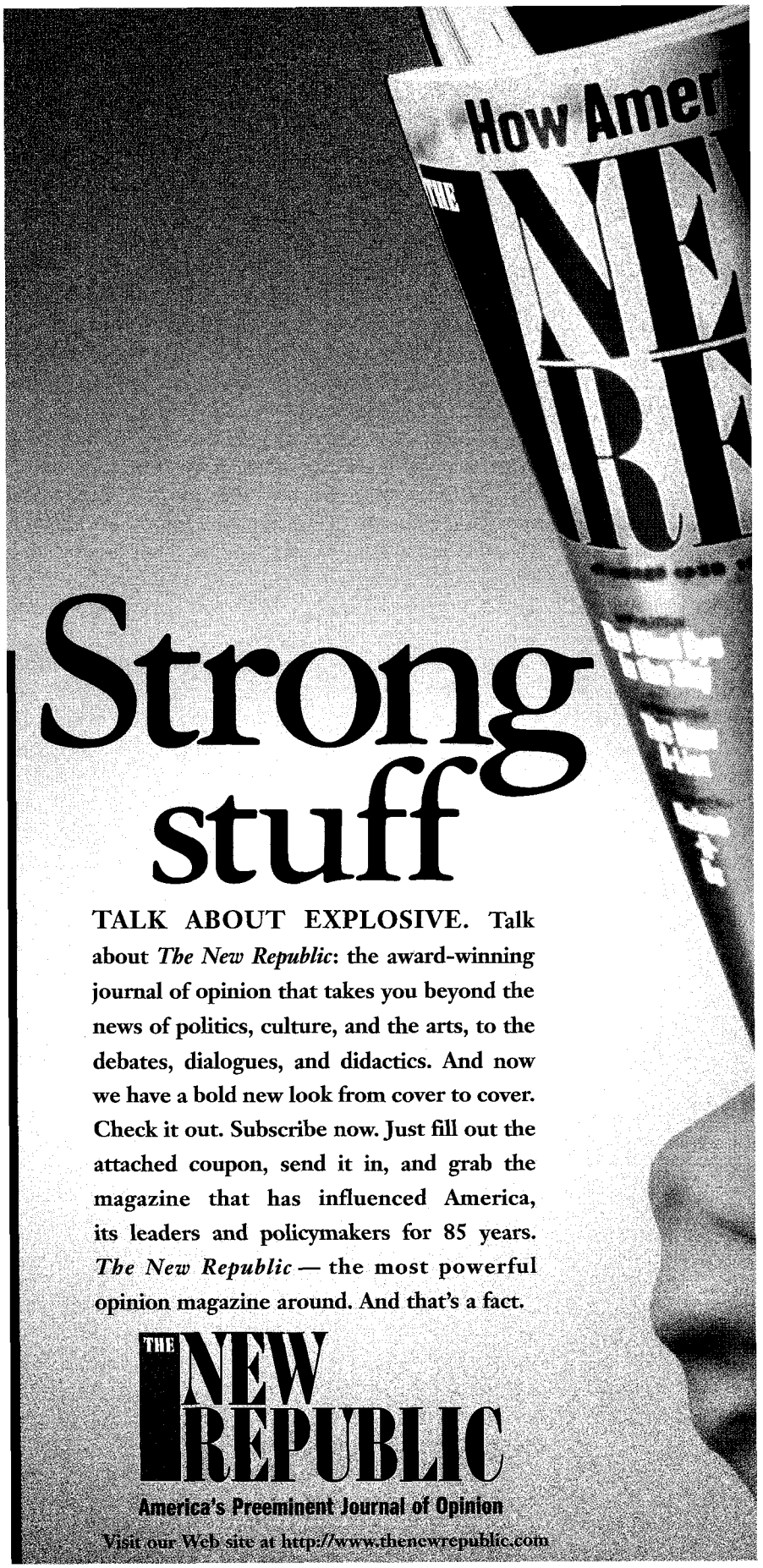

Strong stuff

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month just to make it to Albania. The daily reports of their imminent arrival had taken on a certain absurd *Waiting for Godot* quality. And it's still unclear whether the Apaches will ever be used in combat. While we were dithering, Slobodan Milosevic succeeded in pushing out more than half of Kosovo's Albanian population. What explains the delay?

THE SLOWDOWN BEGAN almost as soon as Clark relayed his request to the U.S. military's Joint Chiefs of Staff. The Joint Chiefs, along with the secretary of defense, are charged with reviewing such requests and passing their recommendation on to the White House. And from the start the folks in the Pentagon questioned Clark's idea. Military planners worried that, once the Apaches arrived in Tirana, Albania, they would be vulnerable to Serb attack. A "force protection" system—composed of 2,000 support troops, along with Bradley Fighting Vehicles and the surface-to-surface Multiple Launch Rocket System—would need to be set up to keep the 24 Apaches that Clark requested safe. It would take an estimated 150 flights by U.S. Air Force transport planes to move the entire "Task Force Hawk," as the support team was dubbed, into place. So much for rapid deployment.

The Pentagon's caution was certainly understandable—after all, American lives were at stake. However, the Apache delay also illustrates the problem with the U.S.'s current no-casualties approach to waging war. Clearly it's important to take precautions before deploying forces. But what if the precautions are so elaborate that you miss the battle? And even if it was necessary to call up such a large support force to protect the Apaches, that hardly justifies the almost relaxed pace at which the Joint Chiefs considered Clark's request. It took the military a full week of wrangling over the details before finally sending its recommendation to the White House.

If the Pentagon felt certain that Apaches were a good idea and merely needed to take all the standard precautions, it presumably could have pushed through the request more quickly. That it took the Pentagon a full week implies that there was significant resistance to using the Apaches. Indeed, one Army general contends that a battle has been raging within Army ranks ever since word came of the Apache request. The Apache "is a ground warfare weapon system," explains this general. "It's not designed to operate like strike aircraft." Instead, he says, the Apache is meant to operate in concert with a sizable ground maneuver force. Without such a force behind it, Army officers worry, the helicopters will be at undue risk.

Such officers fear for the helicopters and crews but also for the Apache's reputation. They fret that public expectations about the helicopters are too high—particularly given that they will be operating "out of character" in Kosovo. If the choppers disappoint, it could create political difficulties for Army aviation in general when it comes time to argue for a bigger share of the defense budget.

This might also explain why the Pentagon decided to go with the older AH-64A model Apaches rather than the upgraded AH-64D Longbows, which have more sophisticated radar and use missiles with a longer range. The Pentagon maintains that it has not chosen the Longbows because they are based in Texas, whereas the older versions are in Germany. Army sources also say that the Longbows are being reserved in case war erupts in the Persian Gulf.

ON APRIL 4, the Joint Chiefs finally gave the go-ahead. President Clinton signed off immediately and forwarded the request to the North Atlantic Council, NATO's leading political body, for approval on April 5—the very next day. The council agreed to the plan immediately, without debate. The process finally seemed to be moving quickly. But the real delay had only just begun.

The Pentagon estimated that it would take "seven to ten days" to move the task force into place. However, it wasn't until more than two weeks after their deployment was approved that the Apaches finally touched ground in Tirana. Several reasons have been cited for this last delay. Among them is the lack of adequate infrastructure in Albania—the Army has been forced to build a base from the "mud up." Complicating matters has been the competing need for military cargo planes to deliver humanitarian aid to the ethnic Albanian refugees in Albania and neighboring Macedonia. Then there's the difficulty of getting an army structured to fight World War III against the former Soviet Union to move quickly into a regional hot spot.

But some say none of these reasons fully explains the problem. "We've gone to worse places before with tough infrastructure," says one retired general. "For the life of me, I don't know why it's tak[en] so long. It truly puzzles me." The general is convinced that, had the ground troops option been fully studied prior to the start of hostilities, the Apaches could have had an impact much sooner, possibly blunting the Serb offensive. Despite the fact that the Apache flies and fires missiles, once the administration ruled out the use of ground troops, the Apache—a "ground warfare weapon"—was also off the table. Pentagon officials deny that the administration's "no ground troops" policy—apparently dictated by the president's fear of casualties—had any effect on the Apaches' deployment. But one former four-star general I spoke with doesn't buy that. "Having no ground plan puts everything at full stop, including Apaches," he said.

This points to the danger posed when civilian leaders rule out particular military options for political reasons even before a war begins. As one senior officer at the Pentagon told me: "We had to make a decision that [acting militarily in the Balkans] was in our national interest. But, once you do that, you can't eliminate any particular military option. Air power has proved that it hasn't worked, but, without the ground option, we have no other choice but to bomb, bomb, bomb." Civilian control of the military was intended to keep unelected officers out of politics; it was never intended to tie one hand behind the military's back once the fighting started. But that's a lesson the Clinton administration evidently didn't learn from Vietnam.

The lack of advance planning for the Apaches' use also shows how little creative thinking goes on in our battle-shy military. Just because Apaches were originally built to support large armored formations doesn't mean they shouldn't have been considered in the plans for the current air cam-

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paign. After all, on the first night of the Gulf war, Apaches were used (without support from ground forces) to take out key anti-aircraft radar installations inside Iraq in order to clear the way for fixed-wing aircraft—hardly a textbook mission. In that instance, the planners' ingenuity yielded big returns. This time around, their own inability (or refusal) to think outside the box may have hampered them as much as the White House prohibition on preparing plans for ground forces did.

As of this writing, the Apaches have just arrived in Albania—though heavy rains have apparently turned the landing area that Army troops built for them into a mud bath. This week the Pentagon announced that a total of 3,300 troops and additional equipment would be accompanying Task Force Hawk. This is significantly larger than the force originally approved and should make possible the deployment of 48 choppers, twice the number Clark originally asked for. Still, Clark will have to go through the same bureaucracy to get permission to actually *use* the Apaches. ■

Podgorica Dispatch

The Day Before

By Anna Husarska

It feels like The Day Before The Coup in Podgorica. The uniformed men swarming through Montenegro's capital have turned the city an ominous green. About half of the uniforms belong to the roughly 15,000 troops of the Second Yugoslav Army, who are loyal to Yugoslav President Slobodan Milosevic. The others belong to Montenegro's roughly 15,000 policemen, loyal to Montenegro's President Milo Djukanovic, who describes his democratic government as a "thorn in Milosevic's side." In the increasingly likely event that Milosevic decides to remove Djukanovic in a coup, or through yet another Balkan war, the first 15,000 will fight the second 15,000.

At first glance, it is difficult to tell one uniform apart from another. Both are the same shade of green, and both feature a white eagle on the arm patch. But, by sidling up closer, I quickly learned *la très petite différence*: the Montenegrin eagle's wings are up, while the Yugoslav eagle's are down. Should wings-up and wings-down go to battle, Montenegrins would have to search for similarly minute details—dissecting people's names, faiths, and genealogical trees—to determine their loyalties. That's the Balkan way.

The Montenegrin countryside exudes the same Day Before The Coup atmosphere as the capital. A beautiful land boasting a gorgeous Adriatic coast, Montenegro remains uncleansed. But all that could change in the event of civil war. The south of the republic and the center of the capital generally support Djukanovic, whereas the north of the republic and the suburbs of Podgorica side with Milosevic. In the latter part of the country, the walls are decorated with pro-Serb graffiti, and people wear the "target" buttons that have become so popular in Belgrade since the NATO bombing began.

Those differences emerged clearly during last May's elections, but the NATO air war has polarized Montenegrins even further. As destabilizing as NATO's air strikes have been, the flow of thousands of refugees from Kosovo into this republic of only 640,000 people has been even more destabilizing. Their numbers are unprecedented—a fact I grew to appreciate when I tried to contact Ferhat Dinosha, a member of the Montenegrin parliament with whom I had many interesting arguments last year. This time, Dinosha told me, he could not see me because, as he put it, "Peja was coming." I assumed he was going to be receiving a delegation from the town of Pec—Peja in Albanian. But I soon learned what Dinosha meant: the entire town of Pec was moving into Montenegro.

Djukanovic had been walking a tightrope even before the wave of refugees and the NATO air strikes. He has refused to call for Montenegro's secession from the Yugoslav federation, leading his moderate opponents to suggest that he dreams of replacing Milosevic as leader of Yugoslavia. Yet Djukanovic's pro-Western policy also puts him de facto at odds with Belgrade. The result, he recently told journalists in Podgorica, is that "as long as Milosevic is in power, and I hope that that will not be for much longer, there will be continuing attempts by his side to suppress and destroy democracy in Montenegro, where he sees us as a threat."

Montenegro's independent media present the current conflict in the most balanced way I have encountered in the Balkans: they depict the Albanian refugees' plight with as much sympathy as the losses inflicted on Serbia by NATO air strikes. Montenegrin journalists and political analysts are refreshingly critical of *both* Washington and Belgrade.

This has not gone unnoticed in Belgrade. Recently, while Serbian TV was flashing vaguely Andy Warholish pictures of Hitler interspersed with pictures of Bill Clinton, Madeleine Albright, and Tony Blair, Podgorica TV was broadcasting a speech by Blair warning that "Milosevic must know that we stand ready to support the people of Montenegro." Almost immediately the Second Yugoslav Army—recently placed under the command of a Milosevic loyalist, General Milorad Obradovic—responded by prohibiting Montenegrin radio stations from rebroadcasting the Voice of America or Radio Free Europe. But the Montenegrin Ministry of Information declared the order invalid.

The independent daily *Vijesti* also received a warning visit from the Second Army's officers (wings-down). I went to see *Vijesti*'s editorial offices the following day. They are next to the Montenegrin TV station and the government newspaper *Pobjeda*. Both are protected by police snipers (wings-up). But *Vijesti* has no such protection.

When I asked *Vijesti*'s editor, Sasha Erakovic, about "the visit from those gentlemen in the Second Army," he downplayed it. "Didn't they threaten you with closure?" I insisted. Erakovic pushed his chair back and triumphantly tapped his cigarette on his desk: "They threatened, but they are gone, and we are still here!"

At this point his mobile phone rang. I smiled at its peppy

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little trill. He laughed back and, still in a jolly tone, answered the call, "*Da*?" He listened for one sentence, his face darkening, then—still on the phone—turned to me with the bad news: "They killed Slavko Curuvija." Curuvija was a defiant journalist from Belgrade, and we both knew who "they" were. That Day Before The Coup feeling settled over the room.

Erakovic and the Montenegrin information minister are just two of the many Montenegrin leaders who are openly defying Milosevic's regime. Justice Minister Dragan Soc is failing to answer his Yugoslav Army draft order; Deputy Prime Minister Novak Kilibarda is refusing to accept a summons charging him with weakening the defense potential of Yugoslavia; Deputy Prime Minister Dragisa Burzan is laughing off the "state of war" declared by Belgrade and told me that the proposed union of Yugoslavia with Russia and Belarus "doesn't concern us here." And, after a Yugoslav Navy vessel fired its anti-aircraft cannon at NATO planes over Montenegro, the director of the port of Bar demanded that the Yugoslav Navy "move out quickly"—more a rhetorical than a practical request, given that Serbia is a landlocked republic with nowhere else to base its ships. The Yugoslav Army's decision on April 20 to close off Montenegro's border with Croatia, in contrast, was no rhetorical gesture—and may presage the beginning of the end.

Still, many local analysts in Podgorica are afraid that the speeches by Albright and Blair in support of Montenegro will only undermine its Western-leaning leaders by provoking Milosevic to go after the maverick Montenegrins. However, they argue, if flooded with concrete—albeit, if necessary, covert—material aid instead of verbal support, Montenegro could survive the present turbulence intact and serve as a bridgehead of anti-madness, indispensable to rebuild a normal Yugoslavia once this current folly is over. ■

The danger of sympathy.

Misplaced Tears

By ROGER ROSENBLATT

BY DEFINITION, REFUGEES are out of context. And we tend to look at them that way—as if their plight removed them from a world of cause and effect, and merely created pictures of sadness. This is how we look at the refugees from Kosovo. Since as yet there are no NATO ground troops in the war, and, since the sight of launched missiles and fighter jets does little for the emotions, the refugees' frightened and desperate faces have overtaken the meaning of the war.

Yet, since the cold war ended, displaced populations have constituted the world's most significant problem. And to regard them—especially in Kosovo—solely as a humanitarian issue separable from politics is a serious mistake. Not only does it substitute sentiment for action; it also distorts the way we deal with the war and judge its merits. I think that much of the public ambivalence about our involvement in Kosovo derives at least in part from a tendency to sympathize with Kosovo's victims without understanding that refugees are at the center of Milosovic's intentions, and thus are what this war is about.

THE ENORMITY AND volatility of the worldwide refugee situation suggests that, rather than indulge in a reflexive sympathy, we had better come up with hard solutions, and in more places than Kosovo. Current estimates of the total number of refugees in the world range from 23 million to 37 million, including at least 12 million abused people who find a shaky refuge in their own countries, just as the ethnic Albanians did until recently. At the same time that we brushed away tears at the sight of the sudden camps in Macedonia, 17,000 Congolese refugees in Zambia went on a rampage, looting maize and cassava fields in the border town of Kaputa. More than 50,000 Angolan and Brazzaville Congolese were seeking refuge in the western province of the Democratic Republic of Congo. Talks on the repatriation of 100,000 Bhutanese refugees from Nepal were resumed in Kathmandu.

Tanzania contains over 230,000 Burundians and Congolese, as well as Rwandans. Rwandans are currently spread out among 14 countries in Africa. In north Bohemia, hundreds of asylum-seekers from Armenia, Afghanistan, Romania, and Bulgaria mill about a camp at Cerveny Ujezd. Palestinians remain scattered in camps in Jordan, Lebanon, the West Bank, and Gaza. Gambia, which has already taken in 5,490 Sierra Leoneans, is experiencing an influx of 3,567 refugees from the Casamance region of Senegal. Refugees from Tajikistan have gone into Afghanistan. Burmese and Cambodians have fled to Thailand; Iraqi Kurds to Iran. Germany has taken in some 350,000 people from the former Yugoslavia. Iran has accepted about 700,000 Afghans.

None of the above takes account of the fragile situations where refugees have been relocated in their homelands—places such as Rwanda, the Kivu region of what was once eastern Zaire, Uganda, and Indonesia. Hong Kong has forcibly repatriated Vietnamese. Where there are human rights criminals, religious nutcases, and armed groups entranced with their political destinies, refugees are not far behind. Jews are menaced in Moscow, St. Petersburg, the Kuban region in the south of Russia, Latvia, and Belarus.

Meanwhile, as the numbers of refugees have increased, the places of asylum have dwindled. The Bahamas—and the United States—have denied asylum to Cubans; Bangladesh to Burmese; Togo, Ghana, and Côte d'Ivoire to Liberians; and Turkey to Iraqi Kurds. In the land of "give us your poor," we have been wrangling over immigrant quotas for decades. We will soon see how warmly Korean grocers and Dominican taxi drivers welcome arriving Kosovars.

The causes and consequences of these massive surges have been clear for a while, yet we still tend to treat every

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calamity as a novel and isolated event. This is what happens when the public confuses a political crisis with a humanitarian one. For one thing, it makes modern warfare very odd, making its morality unnecessarily complicated. Indeed, watching the recent hand-wringing over who-bombed-what-train-and-what-convoy-of-whom, I wondered how many generals in World War II would have bothered to apologize for civilian casualties in, say, the London blitz or in Dresden.

The popular idea that the world refugee problem is somehow independent of politics is certainly touching. But it is also stupid and dangerous. The confusion works to the great advantage of the world's more malevolent leaders—especially in the age of instant news—because the preoccupation with suffering, any suffering, diverts attention from what produced that suffering in the first place. One thinks of the Hiroshima Peace Memorial Museum, where all the exhibits show victims of the atomic bomb—people's shadows burned into walls, faces with the skin peeled off, terrible things. Nowhere in the museum is there a mention of Pearl Harbor, and it promotes the idea—popular in Japan today—that the bombing was a cosmic catastrophe, unconnected to history.

THIS IS NOT TO SAY that the physical and psychological penalties refugees pay are not deep and extensive. There's the pain of separation from family and friends, guilt (if they were forced to inform on others), bereavement, anger, general disorientation, and uncertainty about anything except the expectation of further upheavals. And then there are the less obvious problems, such as sexually transmitted diseases. In the Kigoma region of western Tanzania, more than 19 percent of pregnant women have syphilis. More than 250 rapes were reported in a seven-month period in just one district of Tanzania, where Burundians and Congolese are supposedly protected.

I have seen many of these problems over the past 18 years. The starkest example of family separation was in Sudan, where over 400,000 boys, escaping from the ethnic-cleansing Muslim government (a nice reversal from Bosnia), fled to the south—their sisters and parents having been executed or enslaved. These boys had undertaken a biblical trek on which thousands died in swollen rivers by animal attacks or by starvation and disease. One thing I did not observe there was anger or aggression. In a newly built camp, the boys saw to my comfort before they saw to their own, and they told stories and set up a sort of instant civilization. But there was a great sadness in their silences.

On the other hand, the PLO camps I saw in Lebanon in the early '80s were part sanctuaries, part training grounds for guerrilla warfare. And the Vietnamese I met in a Hong Kong camp in 1981 were restive, bored, angry, and, in the case of the teenagers, wild. I can still see their dark and brooding faces as they stared motionless out the windows of their camp. Two teenage boys, stripped to the waist, Indian-wrestled at the edge of a high roof.

In 1994, at a camp in Tanzania, across the border from bloody Rwanda, the situation was different still. An overnight construction, it looked much like the refugee camps one saw in Macedonia—a city of tents and tarps. But there, the Tutsis, 200,000 of whom had been massacred by the Hutus, lived side by side with their killers. I talked with both terrified Tutsi families and with Hutu young men who made no secret of their desire to finish the work they had begun in Rwanda. I saw their joint desperation flare up one bright afternoon when a cow broke its tether and ran loose. Suddenly, from a dead quiet, the whole camp erupted in shrill howls and hacked the animal to pieces.

The Khao I Dang camp I visited on the Thai-Cambodian border in 1981 stays with me most vividly. At the time, the camp held about 40,000 refugees on 70 acres, but its population had once been 120,000. The horrific experiences of the Cambodians fill their nightmares today, I am sure. One girl who did not utter a word for the entire year after she had come to the camp at the age of eight eventually told of children forced by Pol Pot's soldiers to use a guillotine on other children who had attempted to escape.

HOMELESSNESS IS an anomaly in the post-industrial world. All these people—even the murderous Hutus—had been tossed out of the world and were wandering, much as the first Jews did, in deserts made by others. And yet that is the point. All refugees share the same kinds of suffering, the same helplessness and defenselessness, the same strange beauty of people in despair. But the other thing they have in common is that they represent someone else's political strategy. It is all well and right to call Kosovo a "human tragedy," but it would be a lot more useful to the world's future to think of it as a Serbian success.

In a way, Milosevic and all the other leaders pursuing their counterfeit destinies in the world today live to create refugees; it is their mission, their policy to do so. To send one's ethnic or tribal enemies endlessly wandering is to deprive them of their identity, to unmake them. For purposes of "cleansing," that is better than death. While these purifiers always claim to seek the stability of their purified peoples, they really thrive on anarchy, which they do not mind spreading abroad. The more refugees there are, the greater the pressure on the rest of the world and the greater the potential for chaos.

Refugees are a big problem, all right, but one makes a mistake to see them as some unfortunate by-product of political ambitions. They *are* those ambitions. A list of noble solutions to the problem, an "Agenda for Action" issued by the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, advises the world to "eliminate poverty," "invest in peace-building," "promote democracy," and pursue a couple of other worthy thoughts. I am all for eliminating poverty, but, at the moment, it seems to me that the only way to solve the refugee problem is to punish those who create it and live by it. Otherwise, the better countries of the world will increasingly be faced with the choice of more refugees or more graves. Weep for that. ■

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Liberalism and Kosovo.

The Good Fight

By PETER BERKOWITZ

On April 14, American warplanes flying at 15,000 feet over Kosovo mistakenly destroyed a convoy of the very civilian refugees U.S. forces had been sent to the Balkans to protect. To avoid Serb anti-aircraft weapons, the United States used fast, high-flying planes (rather than the slower, low-flying aircraft designed for such tactical bombing). This protects our pilots but puts civilians at heightened risk by increasing the difficulty of identifying targets on the ground. It would seem that we are trying so hard to avoid the loss of even one American life that we have adopted tactics that considerably raise the chances that we will destroy Kosovar lives.

This contradiction is, of course, a consequence of the Clinton administration's short-term political calculations and the Pentagon's self-protective bureaucratic instincts. But, at a deeper level, it reflects the inherent moral tension built into the first principles of American liberal democracy. Our politics is built on the notion of the natural freedom and equality of all human beings. By putting freedom and equality—not duty or virtue—first, our public philosophy appears to sanction a limited and relatively unexacting form of government, a state that lets us live as we choose as long as we don't hurt anyone else. Yet, at the same time, it gives rise to a humanitarian ideal. If all men and women are created equally free, then individuals everywhere are essentially like us, poverty and oppression are wrong abroad as well as at home, and government not based on the consent of the governed must be unjust wherever it is found.

Victims of our ideals?

Also, our liberal democracy needs virtue. Of course we are reluctant to legislate morals. Yet still it is crucial that citizens exercise certain necessary virtues. As Mill observed, the most important factor on which good government depends is "the qualities of the human beings composing the society over which the government is exercised." For a liberal democracy, the most important of these qualities include the capacity of people to take care of themselves, their families, and their communities; to exercise their rights vigorously and wisely; and to administer institutions fairly and effectively.

In a society that puts individual freedom first, nourishes a humanitarian ideal, and depends on the cultivation of certain necessary virtues, a strong and resolute response to the crimes of a Slobodan Milosevic is bound to be both urgent and elusive. A strong and resolute response—meaning ground troops risking their lives to smash Serb forces and protect ethnic Albanians—is urgent because of the moral imperative, arising from the heart of liberalism, to respect the dignity of the individual. It is elusive because the wide latitude we give to individual freedom provides plenty of room for individuals to choose the less arduous path. If all people in the world are equally entitled to freedom and equality, how can we not take up arms against oppression everywhere? Yet, if ethnic Albanians' humanity is no more valuable than our own, why should any American die for them, especially if no vital national interests are at stake?

Perhaps the way out of this conundrum is to recall that, for all the ambiguities inherent in the humanitarian ideal, we have a national interest in upholding it. In an increasingly interconnected world where atrocities are reported in real time and the U.S. military alone has the means to deploy soldiers and equipment on short notice around the globe, coming to the aid of individuals abroad may become critical to respecting ourselves at home. This does not mean that we must be the world's policeman or intervene wherever violence breaks out; the full range of costs and benefits must always be weighed. However, this would require that, when we do intervene, as we have in Yugoslavia, we take all the military measures necessary to affirm our principles, not just those approved by yesterday evening's polls.

How can we respect ourselves otherwise? This is not a metaphysical point but a practical one. Can citizens in prosperous liberal democracies get used to passively accepting the degradation and destruction of whole communities of human beings without weakening their own commitment to the very principles that make liberal democracy possible? Can we vigorously and in full faith uphold the rule of law at home, can we genuinely respect the rights of our fellow citi-

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zens, and can we respect ourselves and trust others if together we tolerate massive outbreaks of savagery and suffering that are within our power to halt or at least substantially diminish? By letting the killing continue and allowing the cleansing to stand, do we not teach ourselves to disbelieve in the principle of individual dignity on which our own political system rests?

In short, there are times when our democracy vitally depends on the exercise not just of the necessary virtues but of the noble virtues, too. The distinction between the two is, admittedly, rough and imperfect. Yet we owe it to ourselves to recognize that sometimes courage, sacrifice, and generosity become necessary to vindicate the principles that give sense and substance to our lives. On certain occasions, we must summon as a nation the wherewithal to fight those, at home or abroad, who would flout the standards our politics teaches us to regard as universal. Kosovo is such an occasion. ■

Holocaust denial for sale. Denial.com

By JEREMY MCCARTER

THINKING ABOUT BUYING Bradley Smith's *Confessions of a Holocaust Revisionist*? If you visit Amazon.com on the World Wide Web, you can find out if previous readers have liked the book. According to a glowing review by someone calling himself Art Kleps of Crestwood, New York, it is "brilliant and charming," full of "amusing and sometimes horrifying anecdotes." Smith "love[s] the truth" and writes in an "easy, open, unpretentious, and straightforward way." Sounds great. Except there's one fact that Amazon.com doesn't provide: Smith's *Confessions* contends that the gas chambers did not exist, thus showing, according to Kleps's review, "what it's like to disagree with the Jewish propaganda machine in modern America."

Anti-Semitism and the anti-Semitic literature of Holocaust denial (or "revisionism") are, alas, ugly facts of life. It's not as if Bradley Smith's book is an isolated example of this ugliness on the Internet. The Simon Wiesenthal Center has counted 1,400 hate group websites. (And, of course, Amazon.com does not endorse the views expressed in reader reviews on its website.) Still, it is stunning to find such stuff being offered at a reputable online business whose pricey stock is owned by thousands of Americans.

Certainly the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith was taken aback. In a May 11, 1998, letter to Amazon.com founder and Chief Executive Officer Jeff Bezos, ADL National Director Abraham Foxman accused the firm of "mislabeling the extremist books in its catalog and offering them to consumers without explaining their hateful nature." He noted that the notorious *Faurisson on the Holocaust*, for example, had appeared on Amazon.com under the heading "History: World/Military." The ADL didn't ask for censorship, only that, in the future, Amazon.com indicate the books' extremist nature. Amazon.com, to its credit, had moved the Faurisson title to "Holocaust Denial Literature." Yet Bezos refused to label all denial books "extreme." Bezos wrote to Foxman: "I do not think that it is our role—we are not endowed with sufficient wisdom to judge what books are extremist or otherwise offensive to certain people."

Bezos did not say whether he is endowed with sufficient wisdom to distinguish between historical truth and malicious fabrication—which is what Holocaust denial undeniably is. After all, while there are many questions concerning the Holocaust about which people may disagree, whether or not it happened is not one of them. Still, Bezos was groping to make a legitimate point: namely, that there is an inherent tension between the bookseller's role as a facilitator of free intellectual exchange and the equally serious responsibility to present the public with books that meet certain minimum standards of quality and decency.

THE VAST MAJORITY of booksellers seem to agree that excluding Holocaust denial literature would constitute censorship; most stores either will stock it or will "special order" it for customers. Richard Howorth, the owner of Square Books in Oxford, Mississippi, and president of the American Booksellers Association, frames the argument this way: "If people want what I consider to be a bad book or a politically incorrect book, I'm not going to not have it because I don't like it." He buys books based on customer demand, period. "And, to that extent," he says, "I don't care what the book is or what it's about or what its political slant is. It doesn't matter." In the past, this has led Howorth to stock hard-core pornography and white supremacist tracts. He has not carried Holocaust denial books, but Howorth said he would if the demand was there. "For every Holocaust denial book," he told me, "I have forty books about the Holocaust. My role is not to be a censor. My role is to put as many different ideas out there as possible."

At Politics and Prose, Washington, D.C.'s leading independent bookseller (and *Publishers Weekly*'s 1999 Bookseller of the Year), co-owner Barbara Meade confirmed that she has sold Holocaust denial literature "mixed in with other Holocaust books." She said people should know that "that opinion" is out there, and she isn't concerned that people will conclude, based on the books' placement, that a debate exists over whether or not the Holocaust actually happened. Nor is she worried that people will mistake the falsehoods in denial literature for historical fact. "I give people more credit than that," Meade says, noting that her customers "are among the upper percentiles in the educational level."

Of course, Howorth and Meade, like the people who operate online bookstores, are anything but anti-Semites. Yet isn't it unseemly to make a virtue of what is at best a distasteful necessity? The book business is not the shoe business. It has an inescapable moral dimension. And it is booksellers' ability and willingness to make distinctions about what they will and won't sell that is commendable, not their refusal to do so. By treating denial literature as just another point of view, booksellers unavoidably imbue it with a kind of legitimacy. Miriam

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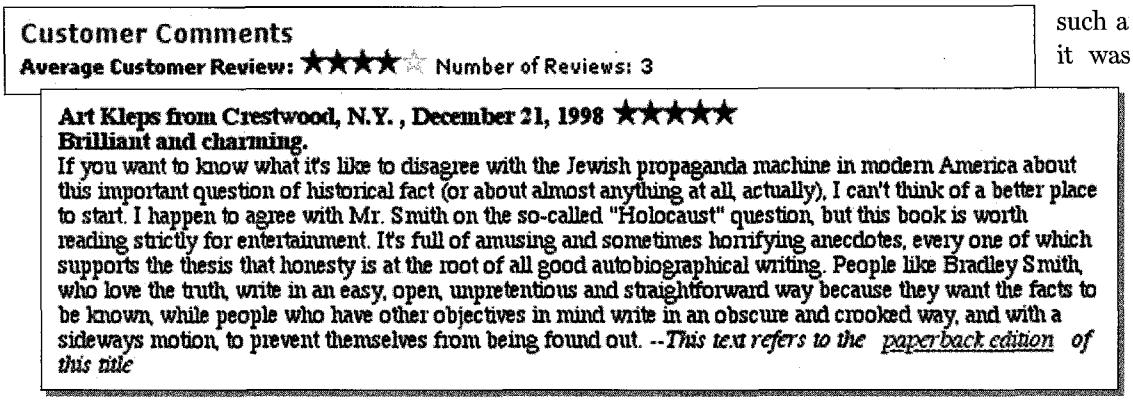
Customer Comments
Average Customer Review: ★★★★☆ Number of Reviews: 3
Art Kleps from Crestwood, N.Y., December 21, 1998 ★★★★★
Brilliant and charming.
If you want to know what it's like to disagree with the Jewish propaganda machine in modern America about this important question of historical fact (or about almost anything at all, actually), I can't think of a better place to start. I happen to agree with Mr. Smith on the so-called "Holocaust" question, but this book is worth reading strictly for entertainment. It's full of amusing and sometimes horrifying anecdotes, every one of which supports the thesis that honesty is at the root of all good autobiographical writing. People like Bradley Smith, who love the truth, write in an easy, open, unpretentious and straightforward way because they want the facts to be known, while people who have other objectives in mind write in an obscure and crooked way, and with a sideways motion, to prevent themselves from being found out. --This text refers to the paperback edition of this title

In deep denial.

Sontz, the general manager of Powell's bookstore in Portland, Oregon, told me that "youth in black boots come in and feel proud that we have their books on our shelves." And, by buying and selling their books, bookstores lend financial sustenance to the publishers of Holocaust denial literature, many of which are anti-Semitic organizations.

Terri Merz of Chapters bookstore in Washington, D.C., is a relatively rare dissenter from the prevailing bookseller view. In her judgment, the mere fact that Holocaust denial books exist doesn't require serious bookstores to stock them. "Everything we carry on our shelves has to be of lasting import," Merz says. (She offers *Monica's Story* as an example of a book that is not.) "We are not and do not feel obliged to represent every extremist opinion," she said. Holocaust denial is just such a view, Merz says, and she has never placed it on her shelves. Furthermore, while she can and will "special order" *Monica's Story* for customers who want it, she will not do the same for someone who requests a Holocaust denial book. At most, she says, "we would probably give the customers the phone number so they can find it themselves."

Merz's stand is as admirable as it is lonely. Yet it is unlikely to sway those who view such moral rigor as a form of censorship. After all, however ugly and false it may be, Holocaust denial is an idea (or at least an ideology) and, as such, merits protection under the First Amendment. Plus, there can be legitimate uses of denial books—research for articles like this, for example—and that means there can be legitimate reasons to sell them. Even if every mainstream bookseller did what Merz does, Holocaust denial books would still be published and still be sold.

Thus, the numbers in the Merz camp are not destined to grow. Which means that the relevant practical question is not whether denial books will be sold, but how the noxious effects of their distribution can be minimized. The least disagreeable solution may be something like Foxman's proposal: if a bookseller chooses to sell these books, they should be clearly labeled for what they are.

Some booksellers have already tried this route. At Powell's, denial books are placed on a shelf titled "German Revisionism." Miriam Sontz expressed disdain for those who carry denial literature without labeling it as such: "Our job is to put them in some sort of context, and then it's up to the intellect of our customers to decide if we're right or not." Lynn Gigy of Gualala Books in California said that, while she has never carried Holocaust denial literature, she would do so only in such a way that made clear it was "an extreme view." Unfortunately, at Amazon.com, barnesandnoble.com, and Borders.com, little effort seems to have been made in this direction. While all three use a mind-bending array of subject headings to categorize their inventories and facilitate searching, with few exceptions they simply maintain the subject heading assigned to each book by the distributor who supplied it to the website. Consider what happens when you search for "Holocaust" at an online bookseller. At barnesandnoble.com, the results would include many legitimate books but also denier Henri Roques's *The "Confessions" of Kurt Gerstein*. At Amazon.com, *Did Six Million Really Die?* by Richard Harwood (no relation to the *Washington Post* columnist) pops up. At Borders.com, you'll get *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century: The Case Against the Presumed Extermination of European Jewry* by Arthur Butz. Even if it's a distributor who initially decides where to place these titles—all of which the ADL considers Holocaust denial literature—that does not excuse the online booksellers from their responsibility to critically examine the categories.

On occasion, the online booksellers have exercised such discretion (Amazon.com's decision to relocate *Faurisson on the Holocaust* is one example). Yet their policies still leave much to be desired, as their treatment of several other titles considered Holocaust denial by the ADL demonstrates. Amazon.com, for instance, has no firewall separating fact from fiction. Thus Michael A. Hoffman's *The Great Holocaust Trial* is listed under both "Holocaust Denial Literature" and "Jewish Holocaust." Paul Rassinier's *The Real Eichmann Trial* appears under both "Holocaust Denial Literature" and "World War, 1939–1945." Barnesandnoble.com also has a "Holocaust Denial Literature" subject heading, but it does not include *The Dissolution of Eastern European Jewry*, which instead appears, improbably enough, under "Ethnic Relations" and three other headings. And, at Borders.com, various versions of Bradley Smith's *Confessions of a Holocaust Revisionist* are listed under "History: Europe—General," "History: Holocaust," "Biography, Autobiography & Letters: General," and "History: Holocaust, World War II," but never as Holocaust denial literature. Borders.com has no such category.

Given their vast and quickly growing share of the national market for books, online booksellers need to look at this issue again—at least if they care to be thought of as morally serious as well as "hot." Putting warning labels on Holocaust denial is not entirely satisfactory, but it is preferable to putting denial literature on the same shelf as real military history and Holocaust studies. That morally and intellectually lazy practice is like selling arsenic in the vitamin section. ■

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The next Jerry Falwell?

Of God and Gays

By MICHELLE COTTLE

FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA

CORAL RIDGE Presbyterian Church is a massive, modern structure of gleaming white stone, situated along a particularly unlovely stretch of U.S. Highway 1. The main spire slices 303 feet into the heavens, its crowning cross towering over the surrounding strip malls and car dealerships. The church grounds are thickly planted with palm trees, pansies, and bougainvillea, and three pristine fountains surround the entrance to the main sanctuary. During the day, sun-worshiping tourists lounging around neighboring hotel pools are serenaded by the church's booming carillon. At night, the soaring spire is bathed in light, its stark whiteness broken only by narrow strips of stained glass running up its sides and a red warning signal pulsing at the top.

I have come to Coral Ridge to meet the man who built this imposing structure—the man who convened his first worship service in a nearby elementary school 40 years ago and challenged a tiny congregation of 17 people to start thinking big. "We can change the world," he asserted that day, laying out his plans for a Christian ministry that would "bless and influence the world." Today, the Reverend D. James Kennedy sits at the head of an evangelical empire with an annual operating budget of $60 million. It is a diversified organization comprising not only Coral Ridge Church, which now boasts close to 10,000 members, but also a theological seminary, a private school, a TV and radio ministry that reaches some 200 countries, one of the most prestigious missionary training programs in the world, and a Washington outreach office named the D. James Kennedy Center for Christian Statesmanship.

For all Coral Ridge's enormous scope, the Reverend Kennedy was largely unknown outside of the subculture of conservative Christianity until last summer. That's when the Center for Reclaiming America, yet another outgrowth of Kennedy's ministry, launched a national newspaper ad campaign promoting the theory that gays and lesbians can alter their sexual orientation through religious devotion. Perhaps the most famous of these "gay conversion" ads depicted a serenely smiling woman, her chin resting on one hand, wedding band prominently displayed. Small type in the upper-left corner read: "Anne Paulk—wife, mother, former lesbian." Bold, inch-high letters below the photo declared: "I'm living proof that Truth can set you free."

Those who object to the campaign protested on both moral and scientific grounds. But, couched in language of hope and healing, the ads struck a chord with a public still ambivalent about homosexuality, so much so that Reclaiming America is gearing up for Round Two—a series of television spots based on the print campaign. The already-filmed ads are undergoing final tweaking, and negotiations about when and where to air them are under way. Kennedy staffers hope for a spring launch.

If gay conversion has long been an integral part of the Christian conservative movement, today it has a particular import. At a time when the religious right seems everywhere to be in retreat, this campaign gives the movement a uniquely compassionate gloss, focusing attention on a message of salvation rather than condemnation. For Kennedy, though, the gay conversion campaign has additional significance. As it gains momentum, he'll get more famous—thus increasing his influence and giving him, finally, a chance to make converts out of the rest of America, too.

DENNIS JAMES KENNEDY did not start out with notions of becoming a Christian soldier. He grew up dreaming of becoming a musical conductor, and the 1950s found him working as an instructor for Arthur Murray dance studios (which is how he met his wife, Anne). The reverend says he was something of a wild child until, at age 23, he came to Christ through the words of a radio evangelist.

Kennedy promptly enrolled in Columbia Theological Seminary near Atlanta, from which he was recruited by the southern Florida presbytery. There, he began constructing his global ministry. First came the church. Tailoring his preaching style to the wealthy, well-educated Northern émigrés who populated his corner of Fort Lauderdale—light on the guilt, heavy on the pageantry—Kennedy saw his congregation grow by leaps and bounds. By 1970, Coral Ridge had been named one of America's five greatest churches by Billy Graham's *Decision* magazine.

Particularly in recent years, Kennedy's ministry has also grown increasingly political—although the reverend insists that "politics is not something I'm all that interested in." In 1995, Kennedy opened his Center for Christian Statesmanship in Washington to serve as "a beacon of light in a decidedly secular place." Although the center is not officially a lobbying organization, director Frank Wright spends his days trooping around the Hill "trying to establish relationships with members of Congress and congressional staffers." The center hosts daily Bible studies, biweekly "Politics & Principle" luncheons, periodic weekend retreats, and an annual awards banquet to honor the politician who exemplifies "the ideals of service to God and country."

While his D.C. outreach arm focuses on the congenial business of relationship building, Kennedy's Center for Reclaiming America rushes headlong into the grittiest of political battles. Located just across Highway 1 from Coral Ridge Presbyterian, the not-quite-three-year-old center runs on a small staff and a modest annual budget of less than $200,000. Its stated vision: "to reestablish the centrality of the biblical truths that our Founding Fathers originally set forth for this country." That calls for involvement not only in gay conversion but in a host of traditional-values issues: abortion, assisted suicide, school prayer, pornography. The center is constantly launching letter-writing efforts and petition drives aimed at Washington. Its Christian Alert Bulletin provides "Culture War Updates" and information about how to join the fight for or against a particular bill.

Reclaiming America enjoys easy access to the millions

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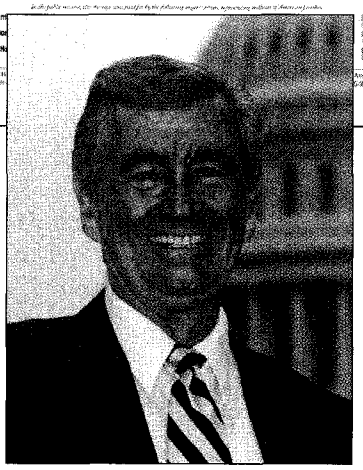
who follow Kennedy's on-air ministry—and to their money: the church has been known to collect more than $1 million on a single Sunday. Contributions for spiritual purposes, of course, must be kept separate from money raised for more political activities, but the reverend's devoted following provides a ready-made donor base in support of activities such as the annual Reclaiming America for Christ conference, which, since its inception in 1994, has drawn such luminaries as Gary Bauer, Ralph Reed, Dick Armey, and Dan Quayle.

IN CHRISTIANITY, all things are to the glory of God. In Kennedy's world, however, much of the glory goes to the reverend himself. Presbyterians relish their reputation as the intellectual elite of Protestantism, and Kennedy clearly thinks of himself as an exemplar of that tradition. The moment I step into his office, the reverend directs my attention to his collection of earned and honorary degrees, all beautifully framed and prominently displayed on a wall across from his desk. In fact, Dr. Kennedy—as he prefers to be called—touts his academic credentials whenever and wherever possible. The church bulletin and the credits of his television show read: D. James Kennedy, A.B., M.Div., M.Th., D.D., D.Sac.Lit., Ph.D., Litt.D., D.Sac. Theol., D.Humane Lit.

A man burdened by neither humility nor self-doubt, Kennedy is equally eager to show off the fruits of his academic endeavors. He slips Greek into the conversation whenever possible. His two favorite phrases seem to be, "You probably don't know this," and, "This probably doesn't mean anything to you, but...." This ostentatious intellectualism heavily informs Kennedy's ministry. His message is one not of faith or compassion but of research and reason. To him, saving the world is simply a matter of explaining to people the error of their logic, the shoddiness of their thinking. He has a reputation as a formidable debater, with an impressive command of historical data. While many hellfire-and-damnation preachers seek to emotionally blackmail people into salvation, Kennedy prefers to browbeat them intellectually. "He tends to appeal to the more intellectual, thoughtful evangelical Christians," says Ray Moore, director of Exodus 2000, a South Carolina-based movement urging Christians to pull their children out of the public schools.

Toward a new national discussion of homosexuality.
We're standing for the truth that homosexuals can change.
Thousands of former homosexuals can celebrate a new life because someone cared enough to share with them the truth of God's healing love. Thank you Trent Lott, Reggie White, and recording artists Angie and Debbie Winans for having the courage to speak the truth about sexual sin.
If you love someone, you'll tell them the truth.
Calling homosexual behavior sin is not anti-gay, it's pro-life.
We don't need to be perfect to talk about sin.
Homosexuality is not a sex issue...it's a heart issue.
Taking a stand. Extending a hand.
The truth may hurt before it can heal. But change is possible.
You can make a difference.
If you really love someone, you'll tell them the truth.


The man and his mission.

Kennedy radiates disdain for his more folksy, less academic brethren in the faith: "I am *not* a fundamentalist," he assures me with a sniff. But this cool, academic approach to Christianity may be the very thing that has, so far, prevented Kennedy from breaking into the top tier of religious leaders. Evangelical Christianity has historically featured a strong strain of populism and emotionalism, with matters of the spirit and heart trumping matters of the mind. The immorality of the "intellectual elites" is a time-honored rallying point for many social conservatives. But Kennedy counts himself among the top echelon of elites and does not consider it his calling to pander to the emotions of the masses. The reverend also lacks the charisma so often associated with great spiritual leaders. Meticulous and formal, Kennedy does not come across as particularly warm or compassionate. As one critic put it, you have a hard time imagining him weeping over the sad state of humanity like Nehemiah.

If gay conversion does allow Kennedy to break through finally, he will owe a debt of thanks to Janet Folger, the director of Reclaiming America. Former head of the Ohio Right to Life Society, Folger led the successful push to outlaw late-term and partial-birth abortions in that state before signing on with Kennedy in 1997. Famous for her in-your-face lobbying tactics, she was dubbed an "issue entrepreneur" by Ralph Reed in a *New York Times* profile last August. "Some entrepreneurs try to figure out what the new hot stocks are," explained Reed. "Janet is an ideological entrepreneur, someone who tries to pick the hot new issues."

Folger says the pivotal moment for gay conversion came last summer, when Senator Trent Lott was ridiculed for

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referring to homosexuality as something that one needs to "deal with," like alcoholism or kleptomania. "Mike McCurry basically said that, if you adhere to this position, adhere to the biblical position, then you're 'backward-thinking.' And it was at that point where I felt it necessary to respond," says Folger. With funding from a coalition of 17 other conservative groups, Reclaiming America created and ran a series of full-page ads in the nation's top dailies, under the auspices of the Truth in Love campaign. "If you really love someone," admonished the ads, "you'll tell them the truth."

The ads were a stroke of political genius, focusing on free speech and moral choice rather than on religious indignation and condemnation. In one, ex-football star Reggie White smiles brightly up from the page as the caption teases, "In defense of free speech." The ad goes on to explain how White, Trent Lott, and other conservative Christians have been attacked for expressing their belief that homosexual behavior is a sin. The ad's stated purpose is to promote "an open debate on homosexual behavior," turning the question of tolerance on its head. Responding to accusations that his center is stirring up anti-gay sentiment with Truth in Love, the Reverend Kennedy introduced the catchphrase: "It's not about hate. It's about hope."

BUT PLEAS FOR tolerance notwithstanding, it is also about creating a society based on strict biblical principles. It is, in other words, about converting not just gays and lesbians but all of America as part of Kennedy's ongoing battle to "restore morality and decency" to our society. And the reverend has some very specific ideas about what that entails. In *The Gates of Hell Shall Not Prevail*, he writes: "No practicing homosexual will enter the kingdom of Heaven (1 Cor. 6:9). (Nor will any practicing fornicator, idolater, adulterer, thief, or drunkard.)" And a nation that flaunts God's moral dictates cannot survive, he warns in *Character & Destiny*. "Make no mistake: *Unless people rise up and demand a return to moral standards, this nation will be destroyed from within*" (his italics).

Kennedy talks as much about George Washington and the Founding Fathers as about Jesus and the apostles. Portraits of and quotations from Madison, Washington, and Adams can be found scattered throughout Coral Ridge. Kennedy speaks and writes endlessly about America's Christian heritage and denounces the "false doctrine" of the separation of church and state. As he asserts in *Character & Destiny*: "Morality is the only thing you can legislate! *If you don't legislate morality, you legislate immorality.*" In recent decades, acceptance of the "so-called" wall between church and state has prevented many Christians from speaking out in defense of this mandate, Kennedy scolds later in the book. "But as I have said over and over again, that silence is a luxury we can no longer afford. As government attempts to intrude in our lives, in our homes, and even in our most sacred institutions, it is up to men and women of faith to take matters back into their own hands. It was Christians who founded this nation, and only people empowered by dynamic faith can save it."

Kennedy's rhetoric has prompted questions about whether he is an adherent of Reconstructionism, an ultraconservative movement that seeks to replace secular law with Old Testament law, including mandatory stoning of homosexuals, adulterers, blasphemers, juvenile delinquents, and women who go unchaste to their marriage beds. Kennedy has denied being a Reconstructionist, but the evidence suggests he is sympathetic to the cause. In 1990, he hired noted Reconstructionist George Grant as vice president of Coral Ridge Ministries. In *The Changing of the Guard*, Grant outlines his vision for America: "Christians have an obligation, a mandate, a commission, a holy responsibility to reclaim the land for Jesus Christ—to have dominion in the civil structures, just as in every other aspect of life and godliness." Though Grant left Coral Ridge after two years, Kennedy continues to promote Grant's book and has featured him on his radio program more than once. Likewise, the godfather of Reconstructionism, R.J. Rushdoony, and his son-in-law, Gary North, have been guests on Kennedy's show. (In his writings, North helpfully enumerates the benefits of public stoning: it is cheap, requires no special equipment, and calls for community participation.)

Kennedy vehemently disagrees with recent calls by prominent conservatives such as Paul Weyrich and Cal Thomas for Christians to disengage from politics. In reaction to a new book on the subject coauthored by Thomas, Kennedy rescinded the columnist's invitation to speak at February's Reclaiming America for Christ conference. "I told him that I felt he was doing the wrong thing at the wrong time, that I was sorry he would sound the retreat when I felt now was the time to move ahead more than ever," says Kennedy, visibly agitated. He charges that Thomas, once a lead player in Jerry Falwell's Moral Majority, is just miffed that "the war" hasn't been won yet, so he's "giving us another dose of what caused the problem in the first place—the retreat of Christians."

TIME WILL TELL whether Kennedy gets his chance to convert the soul of America. But, for the moment, here in his cool, quiet office, he seems content merely to make a believer out of me. Upon learning that I am a disenchanted Southern Baptist, he spends the next hour and a half trying to engage in a theological discussion about my crisis of faith.

Eventually, positing that I left the church because of some particularly irresistible vice, he shares a (clearly oft-repeated) story about a close friend from his youth: right after Kennedy became a Christian, he relayed the good news to his friend and asked if he, too, wished to be saved. The young man declined, explaining that he was having too much fun living in sin with a girl. "He told me," recalls Kennedy, "'I'd rather have her than Him.'" Not long after this, Kennedy, who had moved away to school, learned that his friend had contracted polio. "My mother encouraged me to write to him," he says with a small smile, "but I couldn't. Everything I wrote sounded like 'I told you so.'"

Seated regally behind his shining, clutter-free desk, his dark gray hair combed into a neat wave, his white pocket square sparkling against his navy suit jacket, Kennedy looks oddly smug as he reveals that his unrepentant chum died shortly thereafter. "And I always wondered," he says, in a voice conveying anything but puzzlement, "whatever happened to that girl." ■

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Maybe we do have a quarrel with the Serbian people.

Milosevic's Willing Executioners

By STACY SULLIVAN

IN THE SPRING of 1996, as eastern Bosnia's frozen ground was beginning to thaw, a photographer and I drove to Kamenica, a village in Republika Srpska, the Serb-run enclave that was carved out of Bosnia by Serbian ethnic cleansing and later given juridical existence by the 1995 Dayton peace accord. We had been told that Kamenica was the place where Bosnian Serb forces had killed many of the 7,000 Bosnian Muslims who were missing after the Serbs overran the U.N.-protected enclave of Srebrenica the previous summer.

We veered off the main road through the village onto a dirt path that led into rolling green hills. A few minutes later, we found ourselves standing on a grassy hillside littered with human bones. Nearly eight months had passed since the men from Srebrenica were killed, and none of the Serbs of Kamenica had thought to bury them. Tennis shoes and woolen socks still hugged skeletal feet. A stretcher made of a blanket and two wooden sticks lay on the ground; the wounded man who had lain on it was now an intact skeleton, still dressed in jeans and a plaid shirt. Skulls, vertebrae, arms, legs, rib cages, rubber boots, bits of clothing, and ID cards were everywhere. And, in a thorny bush at the bottom of the hill, we found an old Polaroid of four men—all presumably victims—laughing and sharing a bottle of beer.

As we walked among the dead, two Serb farmers drove past us on a tractor, the tires of their vehicle narrowly missing a corpse that still lay right in the path. They seemed not to notice. A few minutes later, two more young Serb men walked by. I asked them if they knew what had happened on the hill. They shrugged their shoulders and told us that they had been on vacation in Austria during the summer of 1995.

Ever since that encounter, I have been struggling to understand what these men could have been thinking. Even before the current slaughter in Kosovo, Serb forces had killed a massive number of civilians in the name of national self-defense. Yet it has all gone on with barely a murmur of public dissent or protest. Even when I approach Serbs individually, probing them for remorse, I hardly find any. Why not?

Today, this could be the most important question facing the NATO allies as they attempt to deal with the Serbian rampage through Kosovo. The conventional thinking among many Western intellectuals and politicians is, as President Clinton has put it, that we have no quarrel with the Serbian people. It is their leader, Slobodan Milosevic, and his henchmen who manipulated them into waging so many brutal wars. This is the thinking behind Secretary of State Madeleine Albright's two broadcasts to Serbs in their own language, which she learned during a brief childhood stay in the Yugoslav capital. And, if it is true, then it suggests a strategy aimed at breaking Milosevic's will or, at most, toppling him from power. To use the parlance of military strategists, the "center of gravity" in the war with Yugoslavia consists of the government and its armed forces.

But what if it isn't true? What if the Serbs who wear targets on their T-shirts and gather in morbid celebration for daily rock concerts or marathon races actually support ethnic cleansing—actively or passively? In that case, we do have a quarrel with the Serbian people. In that case, the "center of gravity" in Yugoslavia is something far more difficult to destroy than an army or a regime. It is the very mentality of a nation.

I myself used to believe that ordinary Serbs had been deceived and bullied into accepting the atrocities done in their name. But now, after five years of covering events in the former Yugoslavia, and after trying in vain to elicit expressions of remorse from the hundreds of Serbs I have met, I am

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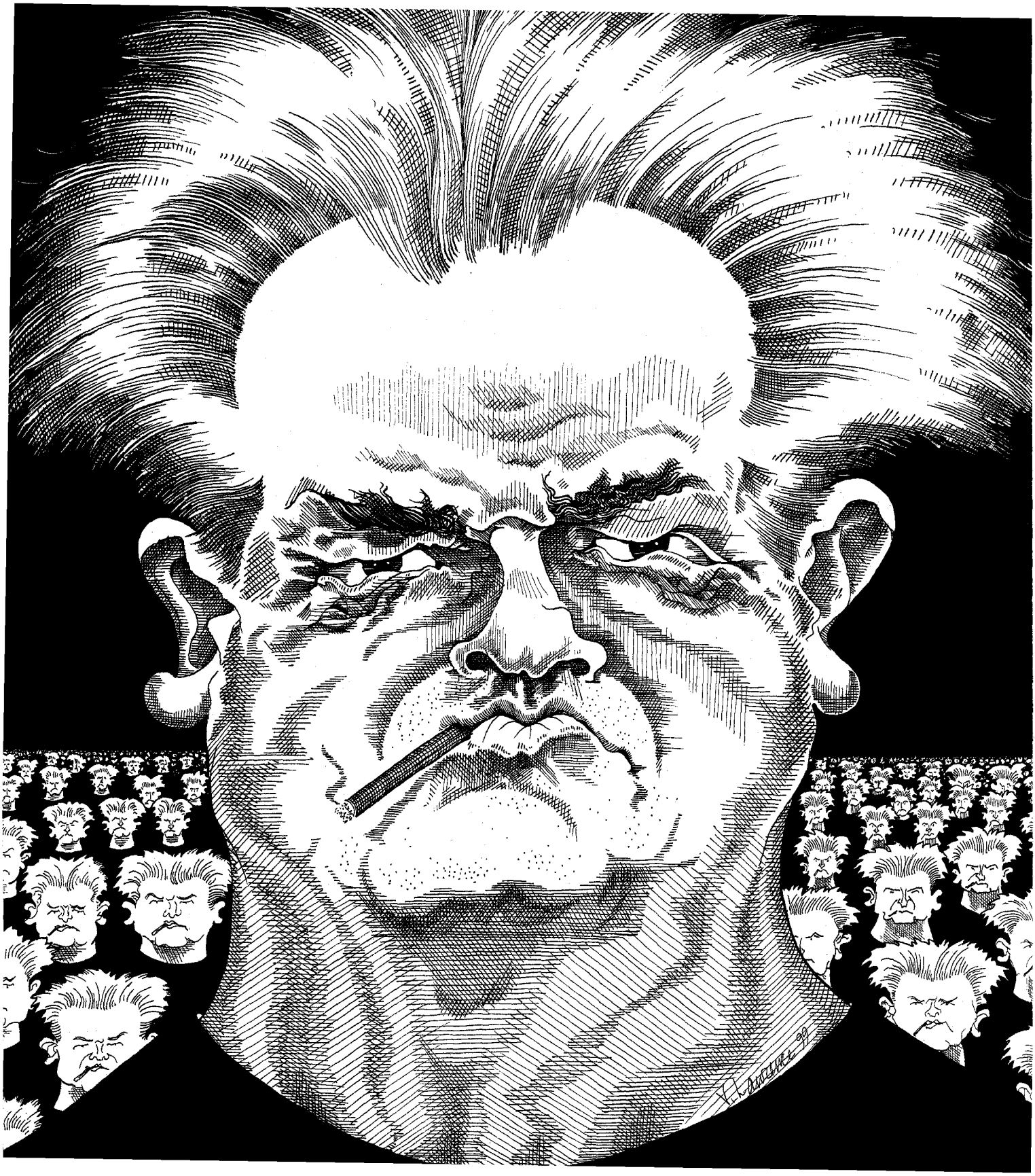

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convinced that the latter assessment is the accurate one. Whatever else we do in Kosovo, we must face the fact that, for all intents and purposes, many ordinary Serbs are—to paraphrase Daniel Jonah Goldhagen—Milosevic's willing executioners.

The regime's propaganda, though powerful, can account for only so much of the Serbian behavior we have witnessed since Yugoslavia's disintegration in 1991. Consider a conversation I had on a sweltering afternoon in late July 1996, when I went to Kravica, another Serb village near Srebrenica. There, forensic scientists from the U.S.-based group Physicians for Human Rights, accompanied by NATO peacekeeping troops, were excavating a suspected mass grave. The scientists gently probed the earth in search of human flesh and began removing dirt, layer by layer. As they got closer to the corpses, the stench of decomposing flesh became stronger. By the time they exposed the dozens of bodies, the stench was unbearable. The bodies had their hands tied

A Final Solution

ON JUNE 12, 1990, one of the most important Serbian intellectuals of the twentieth century was laid to rest in Belgrade. His name was Vasa Cubrilovic, and his funeral was attended by a who's who of Serbian academia and politics. The dean of Belgrade University's College of Philosophy and a member of the Serbian presidency, who spoke on behalf of Slobodan Milosevic's government, gave eulogies. "The work that he left behind marks him as one of the giants of our era," said one official. "He was a man of understanding and negotiation." The front-page obituary in the state-run newspaper *Borba* said Cubrilovic's "name will be noted in history as one of the most important people of this country." President Slobodan Milosevic couldn't attend the funeral, but he did send a telegram to Cubrilovic's family.

Who was Vasa Cubrilovic to receive all these honors? Born in 1897, Cubrilovic was a 17-year-old member of the Serbian nationalist group that staged the 1914 assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand in Sarajevo. Spared execution because of his age, Cubrilovic spent World War I in prison and then returned to Belgrade to study and work in the government of what was then the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. By the 1930s, he was a professor of history at Belgrade University, where he taught for 40 years, eventually becoming the head of his department and later the director of the prestigious Serbian Academy of Arts and Sciences' Institute for Balkan Studies. In that time, he assembled a body of historical research on Serbian political thought that has been hailed even by American academics.

And Cubrilovic was the author of vicious plans to rid Yugoslavia of the Kosovar Albanians. Cubrilovic first presented his ideas to the Serbian Cultural Club, an organization of Belgrade intellectuals. On March 7, 1937, he submitted "The Expulsion of the Albanians" to the government as a secret memorandum. "From 1918 onwards it was the task of our present state to destroy the remainder of the Albanian triangle [Kosovo]. It did not do this," Cubrilovic wrote. "The only way and the only means to cope with them is the brute force of an organized state." Cubrilovic suggested that Albania and Turkey would be the best places to ship Kosovar Albanians. But, if Tirana objected to the deportation, "the Albanian Government should be informed that we shall stop at nothing to achieve our final solution to this question."

Cubrilovic explained that "[t]o bring about the relocation of a whole population, the first prerequisite is the creation of the suitable psychosis." This, he said, "can be created in many ways," including bribing and threatening the Albanian clergy, propaganda, and "coercion by the state apparatus," a concept he explained at length:

> The law must be enforced to the letter so as to make staying intolerable for the Albanians: fines, and imprisonment, the ruthless application of all police dispositions, such as the prohibition of smuggling, cutting forests, damaging agriculture, leaving dogs unchained, compulsory labor and any other measure that an experienced police force can contrive. From the Economic aspect: The refusal to recognize the old land deeds, ... requisitioning of all state and communal pastures, ... the withdrawal of permits to exercise a profession, dismissal from the state, private and communal offices, etc., will hasten the process of their removal.... When it comes to religion the Albanians are very touchy, therefore they must be harassed on this score, too. This can be achieved through ill-treatment of their clergy, the destruction of their clergy, the destruction of their cemeteries, the prohibition of polygamy, and especially the inflexible application of the law compelling girls to attend elementary schools, wherever they are....We should distribute weapons to our colonists, as need be.... In particular, a tide of Montenegrins should be launched from the mountain pastures in order to create a large-scale conflict with the Albanians in [Kosovo]. This conflict should be prepared by means of our trusted people. It should be encouraged and this can be done more easily since, in fact, Albanians have revolted, while the whole affair should be presented as a conflict between clans and, if need be, ascribed to economic reasons. Finally, local riots can be incited. These will be bloodily suppressed with the most effective means.... There remains one more means, which Serbia employed with great practical effect after 1878, that is, by secretly burning down villages and city quarters.

"My first thought when I read [Cubrilovic's 1937 memo]," says Charles Jelavich, a professor emeritus of history at Indiana University and an acquaintance of Cubrilovic's since 1949, "was, my God, I think Milosevic read this and said, 'I'm going to implement this plan.'"

Still, some Slavic studies scholars and former acquaintances of Cubrilovic argue that, in light of what was happening in Europe and Russia in the '30s, this ghastly vision was not as extreme as it sounds today. "I think most of these things should be put in the proper context," says Bosko Spasojevic of the Open Society Institute in Budapest, who was once a teaching assistant at Belgrade University, where he knew Cubrilovic. "At that time in Europe things like this were solved in very radical, cruel ways." Indeed, Cubrilovic wrote: "The world today has grown used to things much worse than this, and it should not be a cause for concern. At a time when Ger-

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behind their backs with wire and had been executed at close range.

A family of Serb refugees from Sarajevo had been resettled in a farmhouse right next to this mass grave. I found the head of the family, 68-year-old Pavle (he wouldn't give me his last name), picking apples about 50 yards away. When I asked him about the mass grave, his first reply was: "Those bodies are probably Serbs. Six Serbs are missing from this area." When I told Pavle that more than 7,000 Muslim men went missing after the fall of Srebrenica, he told me, "The Muslims probably killed each other." Pavle went on to explain that the Muslims had quarreled about what to do when the Serbs attacked Srebrenica. Some had wanted to fight and some had wanted to surrender. Eventually, these two groups started fighting and killed one another off.

Both of Pavle's stories—that the victims were really Serbs or that the Muslims had massacred themselves—could have easily come from Belgrade television, which had retailed sim-

many can expel tens of thousands of Jews and Russia can shift millions of people from one part of the continent to another, the shifting of a few hundred thousand Albanians will not lead to the outbreak of a world war."

Although parts of Cubrilovic's plan were put into effect during the '30s, World War II temporarily interrupted any mass deportation. But, after Soviet troops liberated Belgrade in late 1944, Cubrilovic, who spent part of the war in a German prison camp, submitted another plan to Yugoslavia's new Communist leader, Josip Broz Tito. This second document, "The Minority Problem in the New Yugoslavia," advocated the expulsion of not just Kosovar Albanians but all of Yugoslavia's minorities. "Yugoslavia can achieve peace and ensure development only if it becomes ethnically pure," he wrote. The army should "systematically and without mercy cleanse the minorities of these regions, which we want to settle with our own national element." He advocated taking advantage of the war chaos to help "ethnically conquer" Kosovo: "That which in peaceful times takes decades and centuries in time of war will be accomplished in a matter of months and years." He also called for concentration camps, the development of a complicated government bureaucracy to conduct ethnic cleansing, and stressed that "[t]he hatred and irresistible wish of our masses to do away with minorities must be utilized in a constructive way," for "[i]t may be that we might never again have such an opportunity in order to make our state ethnically pure."

It tells you something about the sincerity of Tito's "brotherhood and unity" slogan that he invited Cubrilovic to serve as a federal minister from 1945 to 1951. During this period, the Tito government did send tens of thousands of Albanians to Turkey and, according to some estimates, executed tens of thousands more.

Yet some say that, by the time of his death in 1990, Cubrilovic had mellowed and no longer believed in the brutal solutions he had once advocated. "I think he was afraid of what [post-Tito nationalism] would unleash," says Norman Cigar, who is completing a study of the infamous 1986 Memorandum of the Serbian Academy of Arts and Sciences, the intellectuals' manifesto that became the inspiration for Milosevic-era Serbian nationalism. "He was dead against the memo," says Cigar. "He said it was going to lead to bloodshed." However, at the same time Cubrilovic was predicting that the memorandum would break up Yugoslavia, he also threatened that blood would be spilled if Kosovar Albanians sought independence.

Whatever intellectual shifts he may have gone through at the end of his life, Cubrilovic had created an ideological monster he could no longer control. Shortly after his death, *The Collected Historical Studies* by Vasa Cubrilovic was trotted out by nationalist Serbs to bolster the case for the wars that Milosevic later launched.

Confronted today with more than half a million deportees and reports of unspeakable violence, many in the West wonder at the lack of dissent among Serbian intellectuals. But, as Cubrilovic's work shows, the historical rationale for ethnic cleansing has been provided by some of the most respected academics in Serbia. The present generation of Belgrade scholars is hardly different. As Miranda Vickers, the author of *Between Serb and Albanian*, puts it, "The more educated the Serbs are, the more nationalist they become."

During the Milosevic era, Dusan Batakovic, a Belgrade University historian, has emerged as the leading advocate for the minority Serb population in Kosovo. Like many nationalist writers, though, his scholarship seems clouded by a wildly chauvinistic reading of Serbian history. He notes that the Kosovar Albanian intelligentsia consists of "semi-intellectuals capable of taking in only a limited number of ideas." He writes that during World War II some 100,000 Albanians immigrated to Kosovo under a secret Italian resettlement policy. (The Axis powers occupied Albania during the war.) In *Kosovo: A Short History*, however, Noel Malcolm exposes this assertion as "pure fantasy." He writes, "No evidence of any such mass migration during the war can be found in any of the documents of the occupying powers."

Writing about the deportation of Kosovars to Turkey in the '50s, Batakovic insists that mainly ethnic Turks were sent and that the number of Albanians was "negligible." He fails to mention that, before the deportation, Albanians were coerced into declaring themselves as Turks (the number of "Turks" in Kosovo increased by 2,500 percent in six years). Today, this spurious "researcher" is a widely respected historian, and it is said he will likely follow in Cubrilovic's footsteps and be named director of the Institute for Balkan Studies.

Yet Cubrilovic's true legacy may be what is now happening in Kosovo—the enactment of his decades-old blueprint for ethnic cleansing through Milosevic's meticulously planned Operation Horseshoe. "NATO didn't realize that this 'Cubrilovic syndrome' of the 1930s was still active in the 1990s," says Vickers. "But the Serbs have always said, 'We don't want Albanians living with us.' There's no hypocrisy on their part."

RYAN LIZZA

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ilar exculpatory yarns throughout the wars in Croatia and Bosnia. Yet it's hard to imagine he really believed either tale. That became clear when I pressed him on the Muslim shootout version. If the Muslims had killed one another in gun battles, I asked, how come the corpses' arms were tied behind their backs with wire? "How should I know?" he shot back. "And why should I care about recovering those who forced us to leave our homes? The international workers would be more useful fixing our house than digging up those bodies."

Obviously Pavle knew the truth. Just as obviously, his true sentiment about the fact that so many Muslims had been slaughtered was: "They asked for it." After all, the Muslim-led government had, he believed, forced him out of his own house in Sarajevo. I have had many, many such conversations. Sooner or later, ordinary Serbs stop denying and begin arguing that the massacres by their forces were justified. Milosevic's propaganda is not really intended to create a new belief system among its audience; its true purpose is to arouse and reinforce a belief system that already exists, just below the surface of the Serbian personality. And central to this mindset is the notion that the Serbs, and only the Serbs, are the true victims in the Balkans.

THIS BELIEF SYSTEM, to be sure, is based partly in reality, both historical and contemporary. Serbs suffered terribly at the hands of the Germans and their allies during both world wars. And, in the conflicts since Yugoslavia's breakup, it is true that both the Croats and Muslims committed their share of atrocities against Serb civilians. In fact, the Srebrenica enclave was the base for raids by Muslim guerrillas that killed hundreds of Serb peasants. "In the twisted minds of us Serbs, knowing that what we are trying to do is right is enough justification to close our eyes to brutality," a Belgrade friend of mine once explained to me.

Yet even this doesn't quite wash, because no rational consideration of the facts could produce the conclusion that the current abuses against the Serbs (let alone those of the past) could constitute moral authorization for the far larger slaughter the heavily armed Serb forces are now perpetrating. This is where myth enters the picture. Serbian culture itself is built around elaborate sagas of failure and betrayal, all beginning with the 1389 defeat of Prince Lazar by the Ottoman Turks on the battlefields of Kosovo—a heroic last stand that sanctified Kosovo for all Serbs for all time. For centuries, Serbs have been taught not only that they sacrificed more than any other Christian European people to resist pagan aggression, but also that their sacrifices have never been appreciated or recognized. Rather, outside powers ungratefully denied them their independence.

It is this deep-rooted historical sense of frustration and grievance that makes Serbs feel that they are, by definition, victims. And the Serbs' sense of their own collective innocence is mirrored by an equally intense sense of the collective guilt of the other Balkan ethnicities. In the grand sweep of history, today's deaths of Muslims or Albanians (yesteryear's allies of the Turks and Germans) are still nothing compared to the repeated "genocide" against the Serbs in the past. Thus, if the Muslims of Srebrenica were massacred, that is an appropriate form of retribution for what the Muslims of Sarajevo did to Pavle and his family. Cosmic payback.

Surely, though, Pavle is just a peasant, an uneducated man susceptible to sentimental stories and stirring folk music. Modern Serbs, those who live in the big cities and have received an education, must be immune to such appeals. Well, not exactly. Indeed, as Michael Dobbs reported in the April 19 *Washington Post*, many Belgraders have access to Western media accounts of Serb atrocities against Albanians and dismiss them, reflexively, as "propaganda." And it was a famous 1986 memorandum by leading members of the Serbian Academy of Arts and Sciences, the most distinguished institution in Serbian intellectual life, that set off the Serbian nationalist movement in post-Tito Yugoslavia. The document was a tendentious mishmash of demands for recompense for the past sufferings of the Serbs at the hands of both Tito's government and such rival nationalities as the Croats and Albanians (see "A Final Solution," by Ryan Lizza, page 28).

AS HOSTILE AS the Serbs may feel toward Croats or Muslims (and vice versa), the deepest and most authentic intergroup hatred in the former Yugoslavia is between Serbs and Albanians. Serbian anti-Albanian prejudice is perfectly crude and yet perfectly respectable in Belgrade. And it extends through all levels of society.

In the summer of 1997, I attended a party in Belgrade at the home of a beautiful artist, who had spent most of her life in Sweden but had recently returned to Belgrade, and her boyfriend, a talented graphic designer working for Saatchi & Saatchi. Most of the guests were like the hosts—handsome, talented, university-educated, and well-traveled.

I had recently been to Kosovo, where I had been looking into what was then an obscure group of rural militants who called themselves the Kosovo Liberation Army. At the party, I met a Swedish diplomat who had also just returned from Kosovo. We quickly realized that we had met some of the same people and gone to the same bars in Pristina. As we recounted the good times we had with the Albanians we knew in common, many of the well-bred Serbs in the room started laughing. They thought we were joking. Surely, we hadn't really gone out for a beer with Albanians. As it gradually dawned on them that we were serious, the room fell silent, and, one by one, everyone left. I assumed that they were bored with us or that they didn't speak English. I learned later, from an appalled Serb who has since left the country, that the other partygoers had gone into another room to express their dismay that the two foreigners had been associating with Albanians.

There are, of course, "good Serbs," educated and considerate people who know the truth and wish that they could act on it. Any number of Bosnian Muslims owe their lives to such people, who risked all to spirit them out of Bosnia just ahead of Milosevic's ethnic-cleansing machine. I asked one such Belgrade Serb how it was possible that so many Serbs could walk past the empty shells of houses, see piles of rubble that were once mosques, even step over the skeletons of the dead

continued on page 35

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The *Effective* National Drug Control Strategy

This is a four page summary of *The Effective National Drug Control Strategy* - the first comprehensive alternative to the "War on Drugs." *The Effective National Drug Control Strategy* was written by the Network of Reform Groups, a federation of two dozen organizations representing 100,000 members. The goal of *The Effective Strategy* is to make a safer and healthier America for our children, reduce the spread of disease related to drug use, lower crime rates related to the illegal drug market and end the racial injustice associated with current drug policy. Information on how to receive a full copy is available at the end of this summary.

The need for a new model of drug control

The current model of drug control relies primarily on law enforcement to seize drugs and imprison drug offenders. While these efforts have produced large numbers of arrests, incarcerations and seizures, drug overdose deaths have increased 540% since 1980 and drug-related problems have worsened:[1] emergency room visits, adolescent drug use, and the spread of disease (particularly AIDS and hepatitis) have also risen substantially and drug-related crime continues at high levels. In an effort to minimize drug-related crime, illness and death, *The Effective National Drug Control Strategy* advocates a policy which emphasizes public health approaches to drug control.

How many people must we incarcerate for current drug policy to work?

The drug war has succeeded in arresting and incarcerating large numbers of people. There are over 1.7 million Americans behind bars. As of June 1996, 5.5 million Americans were under some form of control by the justice system. This translates into 1 out of every 35 adults in the nation.[2] According to the Department of Justice, 85% of the increase in the federal prison population from 1985 to 1995 was due to drug convictions.[3] Figure 1 illustrates the massive expansion of drug offenders in the jail and prison population, which has increased nearly 12-fold from 1980 to 1995, and a strikingly similar rise in drug overdose deaths over the same period. The graph cannot express the financial and psychological damage endured by the children and spouses of those incarcerated. Nor does it express the damage that certain communities and racial groups experience. For example, black males born today have a nearly one in three chance of going to prison.[4]

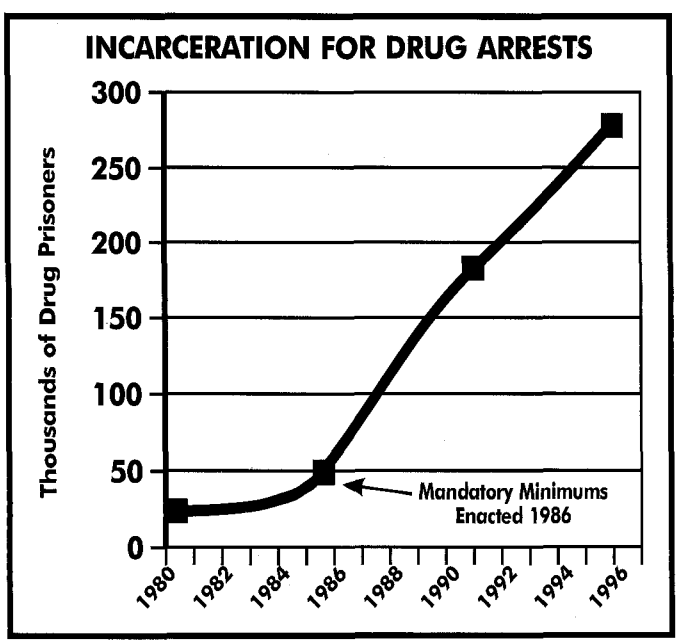

Figure 1 Sources: Bureau of Justice Statistics. *Trends in US Correctional Populations, 1995.* US Department of Justice; National Institute on Drug Abuse.

Does the U.S. drug strategy protect children from drugs?

Current government policy seeks to prevent children from gaining access to illegal substances. Since 1975, the federal government has been asking high school seniors how easy it is for them to obtain marijuana. Illustrated by Figure 2 on the following page, adolescents' access to marijuana is virtually unchanged by the drug war. In 1975, 87% of youths said it was "very easy" or "fairly easy" to obtain marijuana. Twenty-three years and millions of arrests later, 89.6% said it was easily obtained. Has the drug war succeeded in reducing adolescents' access to drugs?

[1] Drucker, Dr. Ernest. (1998, Jan./Feb.). Public Health Reports, "Drug Prohibition and Public Health." U.S. Public Health Service. Vol. 114.
[2] Bureau of Justice Statistics. (1997, August 14). Nation's probation and parole population reached almost 3.9 million last year. Press Release. Washington, DC: Department of Justice.
3 Bureau of Justice Statistics. Prisoners in 1996. Washington, DC: Department of Justice.
[4] Bureau of Justice Statistics. (1997, March). Lifetime Likelihood of Going to State or Federal Prison. p. 1. Washington, DC: Department of Justice.

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The *Effective* National Drug Control Strategy

The Drug War does not protect our youth

Since 1992, federal surveys show there has been a rise in adolescent drug use. In particular cocaine and heroin use have been increasing among youth. Since 1991 twice as many 8th grade students report using heroin and three times as many report using crack. This has coincided with record spending, record arrests and record incarceration rates. The drug war has escalated for decades, but has not resulted in less adolescent drug use.

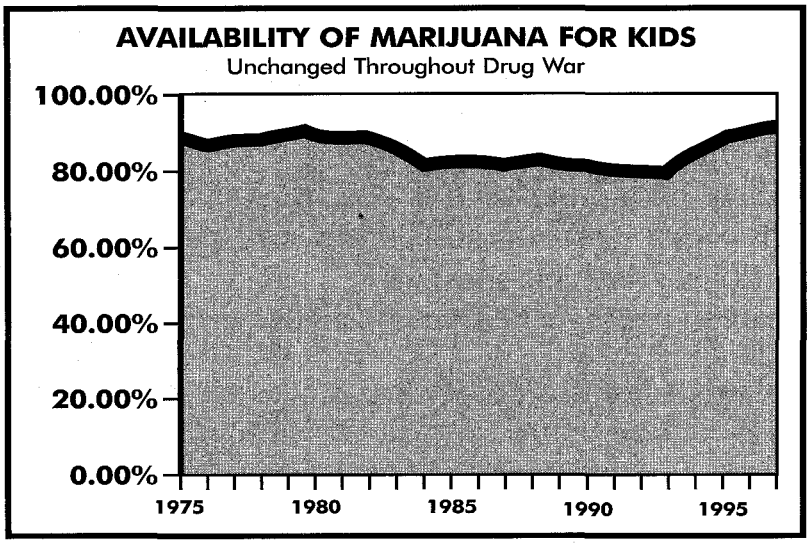

Figure 2 Percent of high school seniors who say marijuana is 'very easy' or 'fairly easy' to obtain. Source: NIDA. (1997). *Monitoring the Future Survey.* Table 12, "Long-term trends in perceived availability of drugs, twelfth graders."

Drug crimes receive some of the most severe criminal sanctions in our legal system. Based on federal surveys of adolescent drug use and by definition of state and federal law, more than 50% of all high school seniors are drug criminals who should be imprisoned. Is this a realistic or appropriate approach to controlling juvenile drug use? If not, then why should only some be arrested? How do we determine who gets prison sentences and who does not?

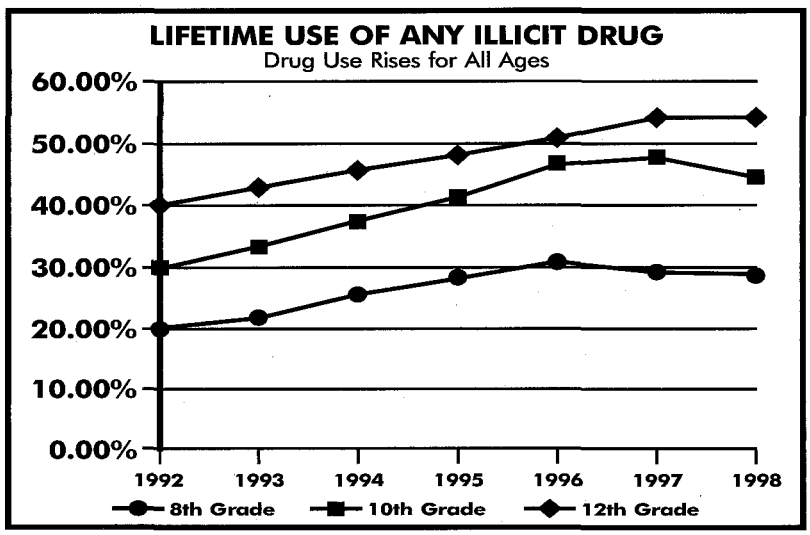

Figure 3 Source: NIDA. (1998) *The Monitoring the Future Survey 1998.* Washington, DC: Department of Health and Human Services.

The current model of youth drug control essentially relies on the random chance of arrest, coupled with an increasing use of locker searches, drug-sniffing dogs, and "just say no" television ads to reduce adolescent drug use. These are unsophisticated approaches to youth drug use that are not based on strategies proven to work.

Does the current drug control strategy reduce the supply of drugs and raise their price?

The indicators of a successful supply-reduction effort are rising drug prices and decreasing drug purity levels.[5] Using data supplied by the ONDCP (Office of National Drug Control Policy), it is clear that the price of heroin has instead dropped significantly over time, while its production has risen greatly. The price of cocaine has similarly dropped from $275.12 per gram in 1981 to $94.52 in 1996.

Despite massive investments in border patrols, overseas crop eradication efforts, Department of Defense involvement and arrests of drug smugglers and drug dealers, the drug war has not reduced the supply of drugs nor made them more costly to obtain.

The market prices for illegal drugs follow the same laws of supply and demand that apply to all commodities. The drug war created an artificially high commodity price, and these huge profit margins encouraged more drug producers to enter the market. Greater production created economies of scale with lower production costs. Since then, lower production lower production costs have allowed drug cartels to earn the same high profit margins with lower retail prices. The cartels accommodate for interdiction efforts

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[5] ONDCP. (1998). Performance Measures of Effectiveness. Washington, DC. p. 13.

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The *Effective* National Drug Control Strategy

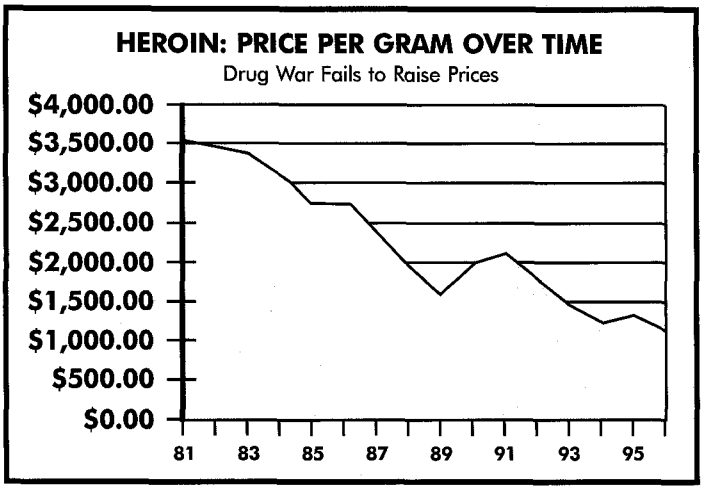


Figure 4 Source: ONDCP. 1998 *National Drug Control Strategy.* Table 20.

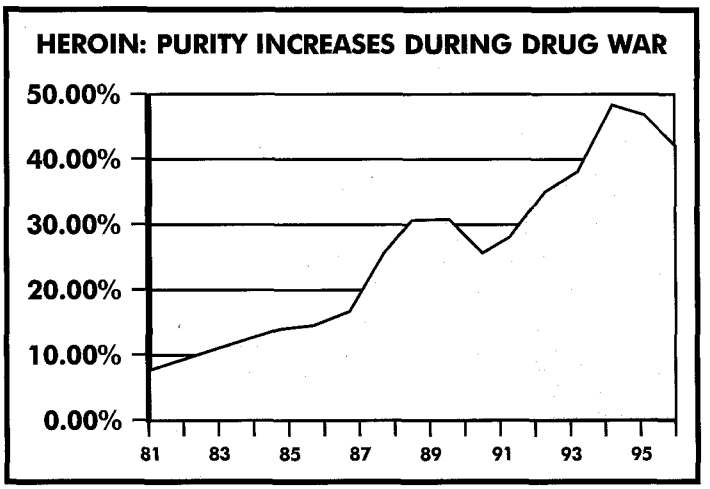


Figure 5 Source: ONDCP. *1998 National Drug Control Strategy.* Table 20.

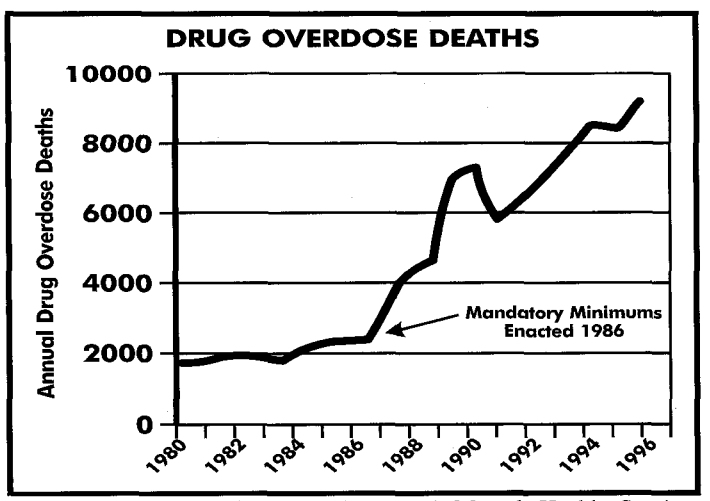


Figure 6 Source: Substance Abuse and Mental Health Services Administration. *Data from the Drug Abuse Warning Network (DAWN): Annual Medical Examiner Data* [1980-1996].

by over-producing their commodity to account for the losses. Since a kilogram of raw opium has been reported to sell for $90 in Pakistan, but is worth $290,000 in the United States, law enforcement seizures at our borders have very little impact on cartel operations or profitability.[6]

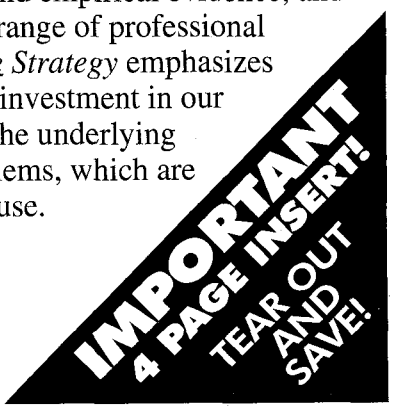
Does the current strategy protect public health?

Easy availability, increased purity and lowered prices have resulted in high levels of overdose deaths and drug-related hospital emergency room visits. Figure 6 illustrates the steady rise in overdose deaths as recorded by the Drug Abuse Warning Network (DAWN).

Even more alarming has been the devastating expansion of the HIV and Hepatitis C epidemics due to the prohibition on needle possession. Sharing of needles is an engine for the spread of HIV and Hepatitis C. Each day 33 more people are infected with HIV due to injection drug use.[7] The epidemics have been particularly onerous on African-American and Latino communities. By the end of 1997, it was estimated that more than 110,000 African-Americans and 55,000 Latinos were living with injection-related AIDS or had already died from it.[8] These facts make it hard to avoid the conclusion that the current model of drug control: 1) does not reduce adolescent drug use; 2) does not reduce the supply of drugs; 3) does not reduce the harm caused by drugs.

It is time to develop a drug strategy that works.

Since we are failing to reduce the supply and use of drugs, while incarcerating record numbers of drug offenders, we need to accept that criminal laws cannot effectively solve the complex issue of drug use. Indeed, there is mounting evidence that the extreme criminal sanctions we employ today may actually worsen some of the problems of drug abuse. *The Effective National Drug Control Strategy* provides a detailed alternative model of drug control based on sound research and empirical evidence, and was developed by a wide range of professional associations. *The Effective Strategy* emphasizes public health approaches, investment in our children and confronting the underlying economic and social problems, which are the root causes of drug abuse.



[6] Associated Press. (1997, June 26). "U.N. estimates drug business equal to eight percent of world trade."
[7] Day, Dawn. Health Emergency 1999: The Spread of Drug-Related AIDS and Other Deadly Diseases Among African-Americans and Latinos. (1998). The Dogwood Center, p. 5.
[8] Day, Dawn. (1998). pp. 1, 4.

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The *Effective* National Drug Control Strategy

The Effective Strategy seeks to balance law enforcement, treatment and prevention efforts. As this strategy takes effect we expect that law enforcement's role in drug control can be reduced further, to solely focusing on major international drug smugglers - instead of its current emphasis on arresting individual drug users. We urge that five years after implementation, the policy be evaluated and a longer term strategy be developed.

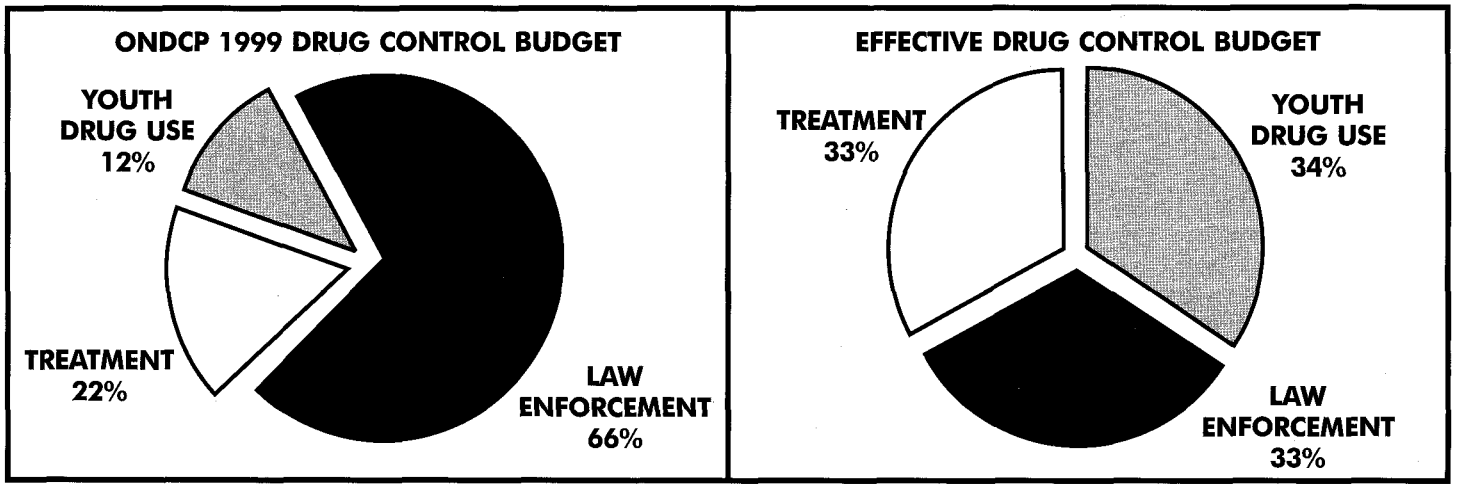

Figure 7 ONDCP National Drug Control Budget vs. *The Effective Drug Control Budget.*

Without increasing the federal drug control budget (currently $17.9 billion) by a single dime, we can adequately fund public health based drug control programs which are friendly to family values and are proven to work. These include:

- After school programs, mentor programs and activities for youth which have been shown to be the most effective way to prevent adolescent drug use;
- Treatment on request, as has been mandated by Federal law since 1988, so drug-dependent persons who want to stop their drug use can do so;
- Rehabilitation programs including skills building, job training and education programs;
- Treatment and rehabilitation designed for the specific needs of women, and easing access to Temporary Assistance to Needy Families and education benefits to women with substance abuse problems;
- Disease prevention programs emphasizing education, syringe exchange and other public health strategies;
- Alternatives to incarceration so that families can be kept together and people with drug problems can develop successful lives;
- Educational activities from K through college so we keep kids in school and provide opportunities for the future rather than investing in prisons.

By de-emphasizing law enforcement we can:

- Dramatically reduce the prison population;
- End racial disparities in drug arrests and imprisonment;
- Restore civil liberties eroded as a result of the drug war;
- End mandatory sentencing and restore judicial authority;
- Demilitarize law enforcement activities;
- Restore due process to property forfeiture;
- Reduce the burdens placed on our justice system by drug enforcement;

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Common Sense for Drug Policy, Kevin B. Zeese, President

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without showing remorse or any emotion at all. She was quiet for a moment, seemingly genuine in her anguish. "I feel terrible when I see the images of Albanians being forced into Albania," she told me. "Believe me, there are many others who do, too. Not all the good Serbs have left, as many believe. We are still here, desperate and horrified. We are silent, but we are documenting this Serbian madness."

She asked that I not use her name or otherwise identify her for fear that she would suffer reprisals. My friends in Belgrade tell me it is impossible to protest the atrocities of the regime, especially in a state of war—and Yugoslavia has been more or less permanently at war since 1991.

THIS VIEW, TOO, has a rational basis. Back in 1992, as the war in Bosnia was just getting under way, Serbian peace activists marched through Belgrade in opposition but were brutally silenced. They made another effort in 1993, but, again, a violent crackdown ended the protest quickly. Now, since NATO started bombing Serbia, they say things are worse than ever before. "To show remorse now would be suicide," explained my friend, pointing to the April 11 assassination of Slavko Curuvija, the Belgrade publisher who had been critical of Milosevic's policies. He was gunned down just days after the official press had branded him a supporter of NATO's bombing.

Even so, fear of repression doesn't quite excuse or account for the ineffectuality of the good Serbs. After all, Serbian military and police began shelling Albanian villages and killing Albanian civilians more than a year ago. How is it that the good Serbs could not find it within themselves to protest the war on Kosovo's Albanians long before NATO got involved?

Furthermore, democratic-minded Serbs have, in other circumstances, showed that they are not afraid to take on the regime. There was actually a brief moment when I thought Milosevic's day of reckoning had finally come. It was December 1996, a year after the war in Bosnia had ended. Tens of thousands of Serbs took to the streets of Belgrade demanding that Milosevic resign. In Belgrade's beautiful old town, I stood amid throngs of protesters in Republic Square. They were students and workers, elderly men and women and families. They carried whistles and placards, banged pots and pans. Their mood was joyous and defiant—caught up in it, I, too, could hardly contain my excitement at the prospect that Milosevic would soon be gone.

Their ostensible reason for marching was that Milosevic had overturned election results in several cities, including Belgrade, where opposition mayors and other city officials had been elected. But surely, I told myself, the Serbs had finally found their soul and were also moved by their leader's role in the siege of Sarajevo, the leveling of Vukovar, and the massacre at Srebrenica.

The Serbs carried on with their protests against Milosevic for 90 days through sleet and snow and subzero temperatures, every day, without exception. In so doing, they disproved the contention that the Serbian people were mere putty in the hands of state television's propaganda. Milosevic's TV tried to label the tens of thousands of demonstrators a small group of terrorists and hooligans, but speakers at the rallies ridiculed this as the primitive propaganda it was. Indeed, as the protests went on, one of the movement's demands became that Milosevic give up his television monopoly because the public was sick of the lies and propaganda.

As for the fear factor, scores of demonstrators were beaten and imprisoned by police, but the movement continued undeterred. The three months of protest ended peacefully, with a partial victory for the demonstrators: Milosevic ceded some power and positions to his opponents.

These demonstrations constituted one of the most impressive displays of civic resolve I've ever seen. I was wrong, though, to imagine that they had anything to do with the regime's crimes in Bosnia. At no time did Belgrade's democratic movement ever add the war crimes in Bosnia to its list of complaints against Milosevic. To do so, in fact, would have divided the opposition (which contained ultranationalist elements itself) and alienated the public.

SERBIA IS NOT Nazi Germany; Slobodan Milosevic is not Adolf Hitler; and the Bosnian Muslims and Kosovar Albanians, whose own irregular forces have killed Serbs hors de combat, are not exactly as helpless or as blameless as the European Jews were. Still, the relative absence of effective Serbian protest and, especially, the silence of intellectuals on the matter of war crimes raise disturbing questions about the culpability of Serbs as a whole in the actions of the authoritarian government that rules them.

The very notion of collective guilt is uncomfortable. The whole concept of an international war crimes tribunal is appropriately based on the assumption that individuals, not whole societies, are to be held accountable when atrocities such as those we have witnessed in the Balkans this decade occur. And yet what is striking about the ethnic cleansing by today's Serbs is the same thing that struck Daniel Jonah Goldhagen as he reviewed the conduct of ordinary Germans toward the Jews during the Holocaust. It's not only the utter lack of sustained or substantial protest against it; it's also the gratuitous sadism—the "volunteerism, enthusiasm, and cruelty in performing their assigned and self-appointed tasks" (to use Goldhagen's phrase)—that the Serbs, like the Germans during World War II, have exhibited. Albanians tell of being forced to chant "this is Serbia" as they were driven from their Kosovo homes, or to hold up three fingers in the Serbian salute. Kosovar Albanians have been systematically searched for jewelry and money; their homes, looted. Such things went on in Bosnia, too.

Perhaps the most telling detail of the Belgrade protests was the nature of the insults these Serbian pro-democracy marchers would hurl at Milosevic. "Slobo is a Turk!" they would cry, a term that refers to Serbia's hated historical enemy, the Ottomans—but is also a common, modern-day slur usually aimed at Bosnian Muslims. "Slobo is an Ustasha!" they yelled, referring to the Croat fascists who allied themselves with the Nazis in World War II and killed hundreds of thousands of Serbs. And, when the busloads of heavily equipped riot police dispatched by Milosevic arrived on the scene, the protesters' response was to suggest that the cops were focusing on the wrong target. "Go to Kosovo! Go to Kosovo!" they would scream. ■

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Stanley Kauffmann on Films

Dark Surprises

An astonishment. Here is a documentary about the Lodz ghetto under the Nazis, made with still photographs taken by a Nazi civil servant who was stationed there.

Photographer (Seventh Art) is so extraordinary that apologetics for new documentaries on the Holocaust are out of place. In 1987, a collection of 400 slides was found in a second-hand bookshop in Vienna. The pictures had been made by a man named Walter Genewein, lately deceased, an Austrian accountant who had worked for his government during the war and had been assigned to Lodz to keep track of industrial production in the ghetto. Eventually the Genewein slides came to the attention of Dariusz Jablonski, a Polish filmmaker who is a graduate of the Lodz film school. Jablonski moved to make a documentary that would use the slides as its armature.

He said, "I am not interested in Genewein's pictures for what they show, but rather for what they try to conceal." In aid of revelation, he filmed a long interview with Arnold Mostowicz, an 86-year-old survivor of both the Lodz ghetto and Auschwitz, and interwove it with Genewein's photos. Mostowicz had been a physician in the ghetto, who gave up medicine after the war because of illness and became a journalist. His comments—in Polish, with subtitles—deepen the film, of course, but they also increase its awareness. To hear his level, explanatory tone, from someone who had been in those sites at that time and had known some of those people—it's a bit like listening to a ghost.

Photos of Nazi atrocities by Nazi military photographers are familiar, but these pictures are different. They were not taken for propaganda purposes, and they show no atrocities. They are simply the pastime of an official stationed in the neighborhood, who took the pictures—with a camera confiscated from a Jew—much as if he had been stationed in any foreign place and wanted to take home photos of the interesting peasantry. Streets and people, the Judenrat activities, children and crowds, with no attention to what was happening off camera or where these people were bound—what quaint, slightly amusing souvenirs.

Few facts in *Photographer* are new. What chiefly holds us is that these photographs *exist*, that someone took them as a sort of diversion, a hobby. Moreover, they are in color, and Jablonski includes some correspondence between Genewein and the Agfa company, in which Genewein complains about the color results in his pictures and Agfa sends him better film for his hobby.

Jablonski is able to reverse the usual use of color in historical documentaries. In *Photographer* it is the past that is in color and the present in black and white. This reversal intensifies the chilling "tourist" aspect of the color pictures. This reversal also underscores the reversal of human values in the two time planes. Often Jablonski overlaps two shots; a color shot of a street in 1941 fades into the same street in black and white today. The ghastly effect is to certify that those past events really did happen on the same planet.

Some music is used, mostly with discretion. Jablonski's one slightly bothersome addition is some of the sound. To hear a crowd buzzing under a still photograph of that crowd is to hear artifice.

We get some shots of Genewein himself working at his desk and of his comfy Lodz apartment. We learn how his Lodz post was professionally useful to him: because of his diligence during those years, he rose from Level 8 in the civil service to Level 2. Hannah Arendt's famous phrase is famously problematic, but with Genewein "the banality of evil" comes inevitably to mind.

Oskar Schindler isn't mentioned in the picture, but presumably Genewein knew him, or knew of him. In any case, *Photographer* made me take another look at the opening sequences of *Schindler's List* in the Lodz ghetto. My admiration for Spielberg's film, already high, rose. It was as if he were amplifying what Jablonski intended—showing us, out of range of Genewein's color camera, what was going on beneath and behind those "human interest" shots.

Another sort of astonishment—about matters that are happening right now on this planet. The American filmmaker Paul Wagner has made a film about present-day conditions in Tibet and actually managed to shoot part of it in Tibet.

Wagner, best known for documentaries, has here made his first fiction feature but was still enough of a documentarian to insist on getting some of his material, so to speak, on the spot. The Chinese government of Tibet does not exactly welcome film reportage, so Wagner and his codirector, Thupten Tsering, had to invent subterfuges. (They used a small camera and posed as tourists.) Major portions of the picture, including all the interiors, were done across the Himalayas in Nepal where there is a large colony of Tibetan exiles, but much of what we see in the streets and temples is actually that unhappy country.

Windhorse (Shadow) takes its title from a Tibetan religious practice. Prayers are written on paper; then, in the mountains, the paper is torn and thrown in the air, in the belief that windhorses will carry the prayers to the gods. The title is apt because religion is a chief contention between the Tibetans and the Communist Chinese, and not just a polemical contention. Hundreds of temples have been destroyed since the Chinese took over, and they are responsible, we are told, for the deaths of a million Tibetans. Many of those deaths, we must believe, were part of a religious purge.

The screenplay, by Wagner and Tsering and Julia Elliott, relies on a familiar device: love between two people on opposing political sides. Dolkar, a young Tibetan woman who sings in a Lhasa club, and Duan-Ping, a young Chinese bureaucrat stationed in that city, are in love. He arranges for her to make her TV debut in the presence of visiting party big shots, but the broadcast coincides with the brutality dealt to Dolkar's cousin, who is a Buddhist nun.

The familiar mechanics of the plot aren't annoying, as they might otherwise be, because of two factors. *Windhorse* closes in on oppression that is forgotten most of the time (and that is too current for such recent films as *Seven Years in Tibet* and *Kundun*). And the performances are all adequate. This is high praise when we consider that most of the cast were non-professionals (some of whom could not use their names for fear of reprisals against their families still in Tibet). Wagner and Tsering apparently won the cast's confidence, which freed their passion for the cause. *Windhorse* smolders with outrage. ■

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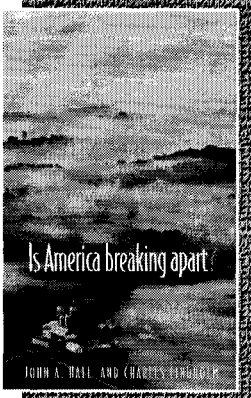

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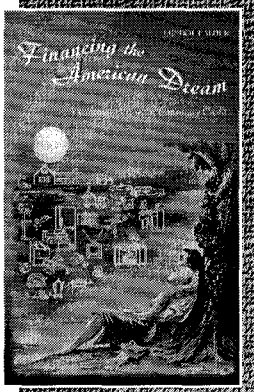

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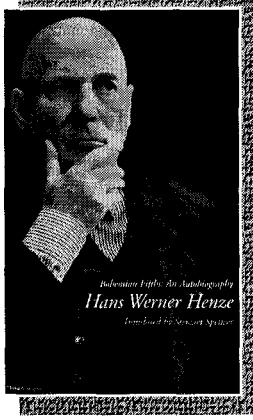

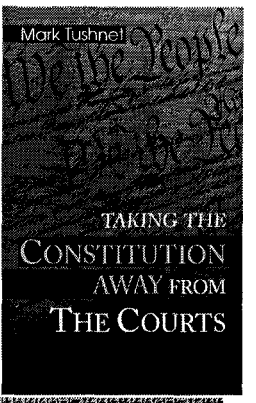

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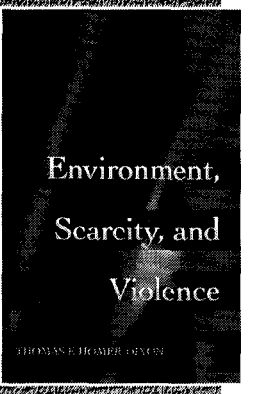

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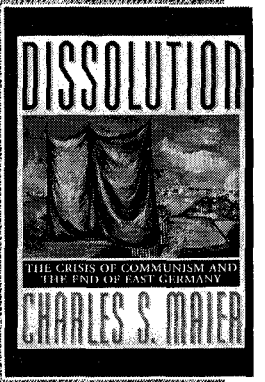

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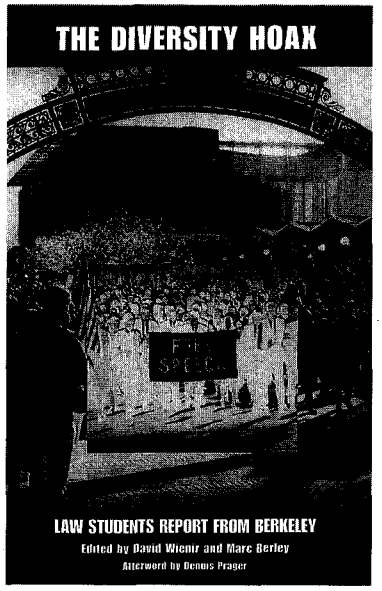
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Robert Brustein on Theater

Stella by Lamplight

FOR DECADES, the highly respected actress and teacher Stella Adler taught a "script breakdown" class at her studio (and also for a year and a half under my aegis at Yale) designed to introduce her acting students to the great modern plays. She often promised to publish her notes for a course that had developed a legendary reputation well beyond her classroom, but the project was still unrealized when she died in 1992 at the age of ninety-one. Now her lectures, collated and edited by Barry Paris, have been released as *Stella Adler on Ibsen, Strindberg, and Chekhov* (Knopf, 323 pp., $27.50). The awkward title notwithstanding, this book is a welcome event indeed.

Books about acting can be among the most boring books in the world. Like many commercial training programs, they are essentially mercenary exercises, designed to make the teacher rich and the student a star. But what distinguishes Adler's work from the typical treatise on how to advance in the profession is her unusual passion for literature. Using "the truth of modern life as given to you by certain genius-authors," she exhorts the actor to develop the gift of interpreting character through a fuller understanding of the self. But the self is only relevant in the context of society. "What is important to your work—and what saved me," she says with customary passion, "is that through Chekhov and Strindberg and O'Neill and Tennessee Williams you can understand the world." The religious imagery is not fortuitous. Adler uses the great modern playwrights as her gurus and guides, their collected works constituting almost a secular form of salvation, with the individual plays as a latter-day Scripture.

Despite her unexpected literary focus, Adler's notes are not intended to substitute for a course in dramatic literature. They break no critical or scholarly ground. And although her insights into dramatic character are always penetrating and intuitive, her control of general ideas is far from secure. I was flattered to note that some of her thoughts about Ibsen and Strindberg are borrowed from my own book, *The Theatre of Revolt*. She has not been hesitant either about looting Shaw's *Quintessence of Ibsenism*. And there are occasional unattributed borrowings from other critics, including her ex-husband Harold Clurman. Reverent toward Ibsen for inventing realism, respectful of Strindberg for exploring marriage, she reserves her warmest feelings for Chekhov, on whose tender characters she lavishes half the book and her most charming aperçus. Like Chekhov, she is more comfortable with actions and circumstances, which is to say with concrete notions, than with large intellectual formulations.

I am not even sure that *On Ibsen, Strindberg, and Chekhov* can accurately be called a book, since it consists primarily of recorded lectures, complete with interruptions for questions (she is pretty short with students) and timeouts for acting exercises. It is easy enough to make fun of a production such as this one. Adler quotes a lot from memory and thereby paraphrases or misquotes a lot as well. It is imprecise to say that "there were no railroads in Norway in Ibsen's day" (a railroad had been built by the time Ibsen reached manhood), and it is incorrect to say that "the Captain in *The Father* is without a first name" (his name is Adolph). Maybe it is slipshod editing that leaves Adler quoting Ibsen as saying "I will torpedo the arts" instead of "I will torpedo the ark," making him sound like a Norwegian Jesse Helms. Clearly these notes are not designed to sustain close critical scrutiny. They are meant to be heard and absorbed by students. And what the reader hears and absorbs is the droll, sometimes hectoring voice of a self-confessed autodidact, who left school early but never stopped educating herself.

And yet this book is more helpful to an actor, and infinitely more revealing to a layman, than most recent academic scholarship on modern drama. Just compare it with *Ibsen: The Dramaturgy of Fear*, Michael Goldman's new book. Despite its helpful linguistic analysis, and despite its plentiful references to such fashionable acting terms as "spines" and "super-objectives," Goldman's book keeps you

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relatively remote from the plays as stage works. *On Ibsen, Strindberg, and Chekhov* plunges you into the world of theater as into a cold, bracing Catskills stream. Like the movie *Shakespeare in Love*, it is a paean to the stage and to the potential nobility of the acting profession.

On Ibsen, Strindberg, and Chekhov reveals Stella Adler as a literary and social analyst, Stella Adler as an acting teacher, and Stella Adler as a great personality. She has value in all these roles, but she is nonpareil in the last. As a social analyst, she tends to expend too much energy railing against the "middle class," no doubt a hangover from her fervent years with the Group Theatre. But Adler's distaste for the bourgeoisie is also a consequence of her lofty aristocratic temperament, what Clurman once called her "taste for the first-class." (One story, possibly apocryphal, has it that she joined a revolutionary protest march wearing a mink coat and carrying a poodle.)

"The middle class makes statements and knows nothing," she fumes. "The middle class does not think for itself, it is too busy. Mr. Ibsen is after this class, Mr. Ibsen and me." It was the purpose of Ibsen, who well understood the smallmindedness of the suburbs, sometimes to ennoble this class, more often to annihilate it. True, she reluctantly concedes that she is middle-class herself. So are her students. But that is the worst thing about them, the source of all their confusions: "You are part of the middle class—neurotic, half-baked, half-genius, half-idiot."

Despite her weakness for social generalizations, however, what really interests Adler is telling students how to play characters such as Nora in *A Doll's House* (build the character from how she tiptoes) and Hovstad the journalist in *An Enemy of the People* (do research on newspapermen). Seeing the plays against their historical background helps actors remember that they are not identical with the characters they play. If you can't tell the difference, "you are a *pischer*." The confusion of self with role is the source of her continuing argument with Lee Strasberg and the Method. Strasberg says, take everything you know about yourself and use it to make Oslo. Adler says, learn about Oslo and you will know more about yourself. "Unless you look up Oslo and find out, you will live in some dream world that you cannot use. If you play a Russian during the Napoleonic revolution [!] it is a good thing to read Tolstoy.... Your whole thing is *words*, and I say leave them alone—for Christ's sake, leave them alone! Find something out about Oslo!"

Adler's theatrical blueprint calls for an educated actor ("You cannot be an idiot and act"), not a self-infatuated dummy or a stupid literalist who believes "that you have to gain sixty-two pounds in order to feel the character." Compared with the typical musician, who knows the literature of his field, the actor is virtually illiterate. Performing in great plays requires patience, learning, and a very good technique. "That is something we don't have here—not Strasberg, nobody. I do it best. At least I will admit to you that it is all Stanislavsky, whereas Strasberg said it was all Strasberg. The ego was so great." Elsewhere she gives a fair example of her own healthy ego, retorting to an actor complaining that she didn't treat him like a professional, "I am a pretty important teacher. There is nobody giving this class better that I know in America. You are stuck with me. So you better take what is good about me and shut up about the rest."

Tough as she is on her charges, she is also their greatest champion. Adler embodies what Uta Hagen called "respect for acting." It is what she loves most about Chekhov, that for the first time in history he created plays expressly for actors. Shakespeare, on the other hand, didn't trust the actor, which is why (according to Adler) he put everything in the words; but "what a schmuck you will be if you only play the lines." A modern play needs a supplement to words, what Stanislavsky called the subtext. "For God's sake, stop selling dialogue. After Chekhov, don't sell anything!"

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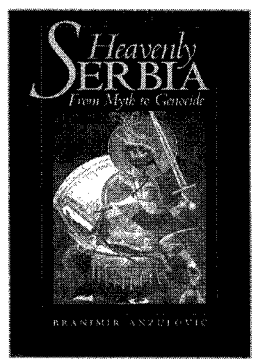

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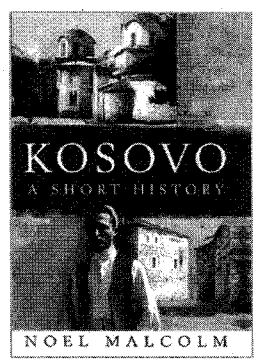

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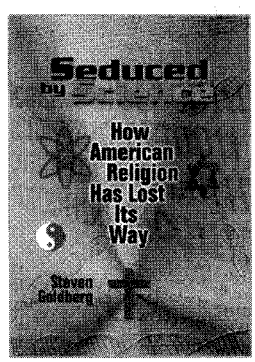

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Adler's hatred of selling is allied to her passionate interest in class. She is full of nostalgia for a time when people dressed properly in the street, the porter tipped his hat, and life had form ("Now the only form is a wedding"). In the past, aristocrats used money to cultivate themselves. "But in a materialistic society, you don't use money for culture, you use it for more things, more money. We are bankrupt in America because it is not used for culture." This, she correctly believes, is the great theme of modern drama—"the destruction of beauty in the world, which is always sad"—and that destruction is usually triggered by mismarriages between the classes and the corruption of taste by vulgarity: Natasha and Andrei, Jean and Julie, Stella and Stanley Kowalski. Her examples are not limited to literature: "If I married a rock singer you would say, 'Jesus, that's not quite right for Stella.'"

Her frequent references to herself as "Stella" suggest how she uses her lectures to create her own mythology: "I do not care what you know about Stella. You do not know me. You only know one side of me. You do not know the side my daughters know when they say, 'Oh, don't be so stupid.' You don't know how stupid I can be." Maybe not, but the most precious nuggets in the book are her digressions about her family, her life, and her own career in the theater. Discussing Ibsen's attitude toward love, she touches on her own marital disappointments. She tells how her father, the famous Yiddish actor Jacob Adler, thought that the only reason to act was to give people something "bigger and better." Indeed, he often berated his audiences for their bad taste: "I try to bring you plays that help you to understand your life. I cannot do that if you don't want it, but if I follow you, you'll take me to the whorehouse."

The archetypal whorehouse for Adler is Hollywood, which decimated the Group Theatre and destroyed its soul. First Franchot Tone, and then all the others, succumbed to the lure of money, stardom, and swimming pools. Adler herself went to Hollywood for a period as an actress. Many years later she returned there as an acting teacher to escape the New York winters. "When I go to California, I am a great celebrity—big star. Why? Because Stella is the only one who talks about Chekhov.... They talk about *Star Wars* and I talk about Ibsen." Teaching at a time when theater idealism was fading fast and most of her students had their eyes on Hollywood, too, Adler cajoled and scolded and warned about the safe suburban choices that would leave the actor sad and dead, worn down by life. "Listen to that voice inside that helps you. Be very careful. Don't let the source get dried up. It happens all the time in Hollywood, because the source of talent is not nourished by the way the product is made."

The book ends with an anecdote about Orson Welles doing a commercial—"this brilliant man—doing a commercial"—and how he was forced to bow to the ignorance of the producers in putting the stress on the wrong word. "He was worn out. If you have talent, the wearing-down by life gets to you and hurts you. Guard against it. Fight it your whole life." Whatever her own terror of acting—and she hadn't set foot on stage since the '50s, when the critics savaged her performance in a play by Arthur Kopit—Stella fought her whole life against the erosion of talent and the death of hope. It was a quixotic, doomed, and very old-fashioned struggle. But in the process of waging it, she embodied the finest qualities of her profession. By reminding us of the fading values of the theater and how desperately we need to revive them, she gives her best, her most exemplary performance. ■

The Selfishness of Art

By CYNTHIA OZICK

A Private Life of Henry James: Two Women and His Art by Lyndall Gordon

(Norton, 500 pp., $30)

I.

BIOGRAPHY, OR call it life, attaches to certain writers—but only to certain writers—with the phantom tenacity of a Doppelgänger: history clouding into fable. Who can think of Scott Fitzgerald, say, without the leap into the Plaza fountain, or minus Zelda's madness and Scott's crack-up? These emblematic truths are as indelible as the invented parties in the imaginary Gatsby's fictional mansion. And how to contemplate the Brontës in the absence of cramped parsonage, desolate heath, drunken Branwell? Bring George Eliot to mind, and you summon up the drama of her illicit "marriage" to George Henry Lewes. Here sits Jane Austen, eternally in her parlor, hiding her manuscript under her blotter when someone intrudes, as someone eternally does; and over there, in literary fame's more recent precincts, are Virginia and Vanessa and Leonard and Lytton and Clive, and Hemingway and his trophy mammals, including Gertrude Stein, and Alice Toklas, Gertrude's wife and slavey. Incidents, images, archival fragments dissolve into legend. The private life is rival to the work.

Among the great luminaries, Henry James has been relatively free—until lately—of the accretions of personal shock, underground gossip, and the speculations of academic sleuths; he is immaculately sealed, for the most part, within the enameled status of Master. The term Master, of course, is his own (as in "The Lesson of the Master"), but it is doubtful that he anywhere applied it to himself. It was Leon Edel, in his five-volume biography, who gave this appellation its contemporary currency, and its lasting aura of literary heroism. Edel's James is heroic in art and heroic in virtue: the virtue of persistent aspiration, the transcendent courage of obsession. Two generations of writers (by now perhaps three) have turned to Edel for the model of an artist committed, through thick and thin, to what James named "our task," "our passion." The celebrated lines continue to reverberate: "We work in the dark—we do what we can—we give what we have. Our doubt is our passion and our passion is our task. The rest is the madness of art."

In his many tales of writers and painters, James was adamant in separating the deliberate and always sacral space of art from the vagaries, contingencies, and frustrations of the artist's life. He did not often speak in his own voice of this demarcation—but once, in the autumn of 1904, during a visit to America (from England, where he had long ago settled), he submitted to a journalist's interview. It was, she reported in the *New York Herald*, the first interview he had ever agreed

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to—"the marvel is how he has escaped"—and in her description of the "kindly if bewildered welcome from this man who is called "intensely shy," we can glimpse him again looking to escape, or at least to elude his interlocutor's more intimate inquiries. "One's craft, one's art, is in his expression," he warned her, "not one's person, as that of some great actress or singer is hers. After you have heard a Patti sing why should you care to hear the small private voice of the woman?"

A CREDO CAN BE a covert defense of a position not fully admitted to; and in this instance James's credo, despite its vocal flourish, was unmistakably a defense of covertness. He guarded his privacy with a ferocity that could sometimes startle, or even injure. When the invalid Alice James, his gifted and acerbic sister, died in England of breast cancer in 1892, leaving behind an extraordinary diary, Katharine Loring, her companion and caretaker, saw to the printing of four copies: two for herself, one for William—the renowned elder brother—and another for Henry. James read his copy, grew alarmed at his own role in it, and threw it in the fire; he was peremptory in forbidding publication. (The diary was published only in the following century.)

And in 1909, when James was sixty-six, he made what he called a "gigantic bonfire" in the garden behind his house in Sussex and incinerated a lifetime's collection of letters. "I have been easier in my mind ever since," he announced. In an essay on George Sand composed a dozen years before this backyard conflagration, he wrote with hot sympathy of the subversion of "the cunning of the inquirer" by "the pale forewarned victim, with every track covered, every paper burnt." What could be plainer than that? In 1915, a year before his death, he burned more papers; it took him a week. James intended to disappoint posterity, and to keep his secrets, whatever they were, from exposure.

His secrets, whatever they were, are consequently left to conjecture, whether ideological in the form of a definitive thesis (e.g., queer theory), or psychological in the way of an inspired hunch. Leon Edel fashioned James as a kind of sweeping literary conquistador ("The Conquest of London" is one of his rubrics)—except when Henry was in the presence of William, the brother who was older by two years and a luminary in his own right. Edel's disclosure of the fraternal tension—William superior and high-handedly critical, Henry subordinate and resentful, still struggling to assert against the favored first-born his own power and prestige—is far more the product of Edel's insight than of his research, though there is documentary force behind it. But Edel, in his warmly interpretive narrative of a generous and generously deserving James, did not venture much beyond this. Edel's psychological forays generally follow an outward chronology (his speculations, for example, about the "obscure hurt," James's youthful back injury) and the more modest path of conventional literary criticism; he resists tampering with, or too zealously reconstructing, James's inmost psyche. In the expansive course of those magisterial five volumes, Edel remains a traditional biographer, not an infiltrator.

Yet the restrained biographer had second thoughts. In a preface prepared for an abridged and somewhat revised single-volume edition issued in 1985, he confessed that he was obliged "to keep constantly in mind the changes that have occurred in biographical writing and in social attitudes toward privacy and our sexual lives. These changes are profound.... We are able to offer a more forthright record of personal relations, of deeper emotions and sexual fantasies." He added that though he continued to believe in James's lifelong celibacy, he would no longer hesitate to speak of the "homoerotic component." (The societal changes to which Edel alluded were acute enough for Lionel Trilling to have acknowledged—looking back in late middle age on his early study of E.M. Forster—that at the time of writing he was entirely ignorant of Forster's homosexuality. It was not, he said, an issue in the culture.)

Eleven years after Edel gave the nod to sex, Sheldon Novick, the author of a life of Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr., brought out his controversial *Henry James: The Young Master*. Taking full advantage of those altered attitudes toward privacy, he challenged the celibacy premise with a spectacular claim. James, he noted, explicitly disapproved of celibacy: after a visit to a Shaker community in 1875, he condemned the Shakers' programmatic asexuality as a "lurking ... asceticism" characterized by "the capacity for taking a grim satisfaction in dreariness." A comment on a social movement may or may not be personally revelatory; nevertheless, Novick is persuaded of James's sexual activism. "I have taken it for granted," he writes, "that Henry James underwent the ordinary experiences of life," one of which he defines as "realized passion." And: "I have not made any discoveries about James's sexuality; James's sexual orientation, as we now say, has been an open secret for a hundred years."

Even so, no biographer before Novick had ever suggested that Henry James and

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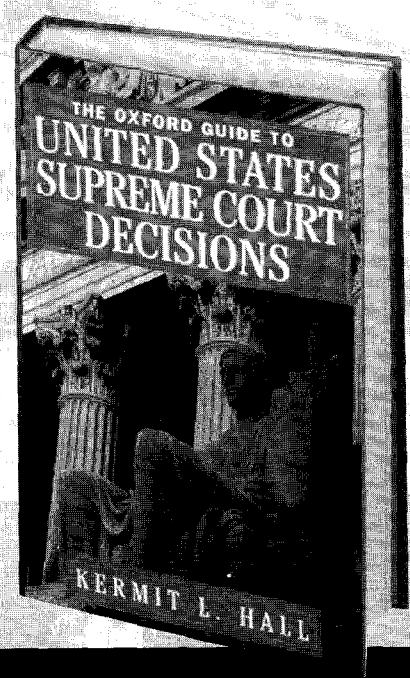

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Oliver Wendell Holmes, the future Chief Justice of the United States, went to bed together. Nor is this offered as speculation. "In that epochal spring, in a rooming house in Cambridge and in his own shuttered bedroom in Ashburton Place," Novick states, "Henry performed his first acts of love." James himself, reminiscing in his journal about those Cambridge days decades later, declared that "I knew there, *had* there ... *l'initiation première* (the divine, the unique) there and in Ashburton Place.... Ah, the 'epoch-making' weeks of the spring of 1865!" But whether this cry of remembered delight refers to first-time gay sex, or rather to the rapture of early literary success—James's first published story appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* in March of that same spring—not even the most intuitive biographer can confirm.

James's bonfire is a blaze of aggressive reticence; it announces—and defends—the borders of the private life. And his admonition to his *New York Herald* interviewer (one imagines her as a type of Henrietta Stackpole, the peppy American journalist in *The Portrait of a Lady*) is a firmly shut gate: do not intrude on the small private life; the large coloratura of the diva's art is sufficient. In "The Private Life," a quasi-ghost story published in 1892, James closets his perpetually dedicated writer-protagonist alone in a room with his pen, while a double—a light-minded social simulacrum—carries out the obligations of the public man. The tale is said to be based on Robert Browning, whose sequestered genius was never evident in his parlor manner; but it also describes James's impatience with "the twaddle of mere graciousness"—his term for the spirit and tone of much of his social correspondence.

T.S. Eliot, who consciously took James as his model in his own conquest of London, elevated Jamesian reticence to intractable dogma. His formulation of the "objective correlative," which dominated an era with the unarguability of a papal bull, denied to poetry the presence or the influence of any grain of autobiographical matter. Eliot issued a trinity of unassailable declarations: "The progress of an artist is a continual self-sacrifice, a continual extinction of personality"; "Emotion ... has its life in the poem and not in the history of the poet"; "The more perfect the artist, the more completely separate in him will be the man who suffers and the mind which creates." What all this ideational superstructure actually meant, it turned out, was that Eliot the man had plenty to hide: an anguished personality, desolate emotions, and (especially) years of psychological suffering. The continual extinction of personality was not so much the artist's vaunted self-sacrifice as it was Eliot's attempt to escape from being truly known.

COURTESY W.W. NORTON

Henry James at twenty

A generation passed before his well-made bastion of secrecy was breached. Eliot's lofty strictures, reinforced by an unquestioned authority, held. Like some holy statue, he appeared to his public to have no private life at all; or, at least, nobody dared to inquire after one. It was not until Lyndall Gordon undertook to examine Eliot's experience—going beyond his career as a poet—that various half-concealed poisons (betrayal, misogyny, desertion, racism, anti-Semitism even post-Holocaust) began to spill out of the history of the man who suffered. *Eliot's Early Years* (1977) and *Eliot's New Life* (1988) are now combined, with additions, in Gordon's freshly issued one-volume *T.S. Eliot: An Imperfect Life*. Though she is unfailingly sympathetic to Eliot as an artist, to have read Gordon ten or even twenty years ago was (for those who once worshiped Eliot as literarily inviolable) akin to seeing the bronze monuments of Lenin pulled down after the demise of Communism in Russia. "Hatred is common; perfection rare. In him, the two were interfused": this is Gordon's ultimate judgment on Eliot. But on the negative side she suppresses nothing. If others have followed her in forcing the inscrutable Eliot into the light, she was the first—the first relentless excavator into his private life.

In *A Private Life of Henry James: Two Women and His Art*, Gordon is again first. It is possible to fall in love with Edel's tender James, and with the equally admirable genius in the biographies of R.W.B. Lewis, Frederick Kaplan, and Sheldon Novick. It is not possible to sink quite so gratifyingly into the private James (or, rather, the secret one) whom Gordon scrupulously deduces. "The deeper the silence, the more intently it speaks," she affirms; but unlike her predecessors, she is not drawn to "the

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homoerotic component." Her own project is more discriminating, and more labyrinthine in the tracing; it lies along the fault line between ambition and feeling. And in moving from Eliot to James, she turns from moral storm to moral nuance: where the private Eliot can be fiercely pitiless (after his first wife's permanent incarceration in a mental asylum, he never once went to see her—one instance among many), the private James is only selfish.

Relying on Edel, and despite his candid account of James's defeats and depressions, we are made familiar with sweetness of temperament, courtliness, affection, humor, the benevolent beaming of a reserved figure who has learned the ways of an aristocrat. This is James as Edith Wharton knew him, according to Edel—close and warm as the drawing-room hearth, yet significantly distant; and all the same beloved. Yet the cause of art inevitably favors—promotes, urges—selfishness. James himself underlines this idea in tale after tale, where the artist is either shackled or doomed by "attachments." In "The Madonna of the Future," the attachment notably overwhelms the art, and the canvas remains blank. Elsewhere artists strain to break free of the claims of the natural. "One has no business to have children," the Master (who has them) declares in "The Lesson of the Master"; "I mean if one wants to do something good." Wife and offspring, he laments, are "an incentive to damnation, artistically speaking." And as Gordon will take pains to show, so are friends and relations.

II.

A PARENTHETICAL REFLECTION, for the moment, on the writer's selfishness. From the very beginning James was what even in his own period was called a freelance; he wrote for a living, and when he was not bringing out novels he was voluminously filling the magazines with long essays and stories. Between 1864 and 1910, one hundred and twelve tales—many of them, by our lights, actually novellas or short novels—appeared in the *Atlantic*, *Harper's*, the *North American Review*, the *Century*, the *Cornhill*, and numerous other periodicals. The novels themselves ran as serials. He lived in a magazine world, was tied to it, and had deadlines to meet and length requirements to abide by (which he habitually renegotiated and habitually exceeded). He worked, as we say, like a demon; and he was demonically driven by an ambition that was Balzacian in its appetite for majesty and abundance.

One of the marvels of Edel's treatment—and the reason that writers especially are magnetized—is its power to excite the reader with the sensation of single-minded literary ambition at its grandest, at the same time defining that sensation as an act of moral radiance. With the exception of James's comedic response to episodes of invasion by Edith Wharton, Edel has little to report about his subject's aversion to interruption. Wharton in her newfangled motor too often descended on James with her "eagle pounce," a terrifying firebird: "the whirr and wind of [her] great pinions is already cold on my fore-doomed brow!" he cried. But he complained more gravely of his "inward ache" at the prospect of being swooped up and away from his worktable. Edel supplies no further glimpse into that inward ache and what it might imply for an understanding of James's character in general.

THE FENCE THAT JAMES erected against intrusion into his private life was itself circumscribed by a second fence—or defense: an instinct to barricade against any distraction from the unrelenting pursuit of his life's appointed task. It made him into a secret monster, a monster on art's behalf; but he encased the monster in so many folds and ribbons and windings that this dissembling webwork of the creature's costume veiled him from easy recognition. As in the terrible metaphor of "The Private Life," the insatiable artist clung frenziedly to his desk, while Wharton and her chauffeur took the friendly gentleman, draped in his elaborate nineteenth-century manners, for a spin in her car. With writer's plentifulness comes writer's selfishness, James's sacred barrier against intrusion and distraction; the pairing of art and defense is ineluctable. For James, the barrier itself partook of the sacral because the exercise of art was acknowledged as holy: in his notebooks he invokes Balzac and Maupassant with what can only be described as petitionary prayers to household gods.

James's age was submerged in a sea of letters. Literature mattered acutely, centrally, and was prized as a fundament of civilization. Even forty years ago we lived in the residue of that notion, and a new novel by a commanding writer galvanized the culture. All that has been eclipsed by film, TV, and dot-com, to say the obvious, and small note is taken nowadays of literary ambition, whether unobtrusively cloaked or savagely naked. Magazines—those with a reasonable circulation—commonly resist, and probably despise, stories; no more than a handful remain faithful, to a degree, to the old ideal of imaginative prose. Story may still retain its power in print, but only if (as in the

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name and nature of a long-ago pulp) it is True Story.

The tales that James published in his forties, saturated in the furiously free force and flow of language, patiently or impatiently sealing brick to telltale brick in the structure of character, above all heedlessly liberated to liberality: how to imagine narratives like these in our own magazines, which no longer welcome such imperiousness? Current editorial inhibition is not so much a question of contemporary taste—the crucial changes of style, attitude, and attention since the pre-modern 1880s—as it is a revolutionary repudiation of the magazine as an arena for writer's sovereignty.

In 1884, at forty-one—the same year in which he published "The Art of Fiction"—James brought to light, in serial form, two little-known tales, "Georgina's Reasons" and "A New England Winter." The first is an amazing human conundrum (postmodern, in our lingo); the second weaves an ingenious tissue of high comedy. Both display ambition metamorphosed into conscious sovereignty, the writer unimpeded, in full command—a thing inconceivable in popular late-twentieth-century periodicals. A comparable genius of our own time, if there were one, would not sail so easily with the wind. And since literary fiction is more and more unwanted, and the few writers who embrace it with old-fashioned lust grow more and more irrelevant, the issue of selfishness-for-the-sake-of-art begins to drift, more and more, into the fastness of a superannuated foreign psychology. The past: that alien bourne to which no traveler can return.

III.

Except the canny biographer. It is precisely James's selfishness that Lyndall Gordon meticulously teases out of the archive of extant letters, and out of her own insightful talent for making revelatory connections. As literary detective, she shuns the mischief that is motivated beforehand by what the excavator intends to find. It seems clear that she did not set out to uncover this aspect of James's character, and came upon it as a surprise. (It is certainly a surprise to the Edel-oriented.) Gordon's purpose was to learn more, much more, about two women in James's life—"female partners, posthumous partners," she calls them, "in that unseen space in which life is transformed into art." The two women were Mary Temple, known as Minny, James's lively cousin, dead of tuberculosis at twenty-four, and Constance Fenimore Woolson, three years older than James, a successful novelist whose friendship with him was terminated by her suicide in Venice.

Both figures have long been staples in all biographies of James. And while Constance Woolson has had the status of a somewhat eccentric walk-on, Minny Temple has been granted the role of a pervasive minor goddess whose luminous influences touched several of James's American heroines. She can be traced most incisively in the dying Milly Theale of *The Wings of the Dove*, and even earlier in the dying Milly Theory of "Georgina's Reasons." Her living spirit animates the independent Daisy Miller, who succumbs to Roman fever, and also the freedom-claiming Isabel Archer of *The Portrait of a Lady*. Such intimations are hardly new; yet Gordon adds richly to what we already know of Minny Temple's variegated and enduring presence in James's imagination. (In the case of Woolson, much of what Gordon has to tell is altogether fresh disclosure.) But even if we are sufficiently informed of Minny Temple's phantomlike immanence, we have until now been in the dark about what the real Minny hoped for—and what she expected of—her cousin Harry.

Minny Temple

COURTESY W.W. NORTON

There were six Temple cousins; four were girls. Minny was the youngest, James's junior by two years. Their parents had died of tuberculosis within months of each other, and the orphaned children were sent to live with the Edmund Tweedys, relatives of Henry James Sr., who was their uncle. Minny was unconventional for her time, and she might be unconventional for ours: once, on an impulse, she cut off all her hair. She had the recklessness of unfettered individuality; she was spontaneous, original, thoughtful, witty, passionate—"the amateur priestess of rash speculation," as James put it. In her teens she cultivated a fervent bond with Helena de Kay, a fellow school rebel (and future portraitist). At twenty, with the Civil War just over, she was surrounded by a body of intellectual young veterans who were drawn to her exuberance, among them Oliver Wendell Holmes and John Chipman Gray (a future professor of law whose correspondence with Minny was put to use by James in his late memoir).

Though James's two younger brothers, Bob and Wilky, at sixteen and seventeen had been thrown into the fury of battle—Wilky with the first black regiment, led by Colonel Robert Shaw—James contrived to sit the war out at home. On the basis of a bad back (the legendary "obscure hurt," dismissed by a specialist as a temporary strain) he managed to dodge the draft, trying out an unsuccessful term or two at Harvard Law School, and devoting himself to turning out stories which he sent, unsigned, to magazines. William James, too, avoided army service, but Minny lost a brother to the war, and Bob and Wilky were permanently broken by it. When Wilky, severely wounded and hospitalized, pleaded for "a visit of 2 or 3 weeks" from James, he declined; he was preoccupied with the composition of a tale about murder. And there it was, the beginning of the deliberately blinding discipline of obsession: if a just war summoned, he would write tales;

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if a needy brother called out, he would write tales. It was not that he placed writing above life—he *used* life—but rather that he placed writing above compassion, and surely above danger. Compassion interrupts, danger interrupts absolutely.

With Minny, during and after the war, he walked, joked, talked seriously or playfully, meanwhile pursuing his "long and secret apprenticeship," as Gordon terms it, hiding his neophyte efforts from his family. In 1861 the Temple sisters settled with their guardians in Newport, an outpost of high-minded Boston. Julia Ward Howe was there, together with artists, historians, and assorted bluebloods and utopians; some, like the Jameses, came only for a season. It was here that James took in, for all the future, the quicksilver shimmer that was Minny—the ease, the freedom, the candor, the generous stride and the generous mind.

James in old age remembered her, in the "pure Newport time," the "formative, tentative, imaginative Newport time," as "absolutely afraid of nothing." She, for her part, confided to Helena de Kay that her cousin Harry was "as *lovely* as ever, verily the *goodness* of that boy passeth human comprehension." Each discovered enchantment in the other, James in a sympathetic recognition of daring unbound by social constraint, Minny through sensing affectionate approval, as she had failed to feel it in the other Jameses. Minny reported that William, in fact, thought her "a *bad* thing." James relied on Minny to see as he saw, through the imagination; and Minny trusted Harry to be kind.

He was seventeen, she fifteen, when they began to roam the Newport landscape together; then he was twenty, she eighteen; and then he was twenty-six, ready to escape family and country for a life of autonomy—after which they never again met. He was on his way to London, with valuable letters of introduction in his pocket. He lunched with Leslie Stephen, and called on George Eliot, William Morris, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and Charles Darwin; he was inching into the great world of letters. From England he went on to France, Switzerland, and Italy, heading for Rome. Minny, left behind, was compelled to exercise her own large ideas of autonomy within the walls of a society that confined young women to certain clear limits; pushing against commonly accepted restraints, she seemed oddball, a bad thing.

She was restrained in still another way: she had contracted tuberculosis. Her sister Kitty, at twenty-five, had married Richard Stockton Emmet, a wealthy man of forty-seven. Minny, thin and ailing, went to live with the Emmets in Pelham, New York, where she was isolated and without real support. The Tweedys, her guardians, had in effect cast her off. As for her James relations, William, Alice, and Mrs. James openly disdained her, while the self-absorbed Henry Sr., charged her with pride and conceit, and advised her to practice Christian humility.

With her lungs hemorrhaging, it was plain to Minny (and to the medical wisdom of the period) that her only chance for improvement lay in a warm climate. "Rome, with its dry winter and cloudless skies, was the common hope of consumptives," Gordon explains. "Another winter in Pelham," Minny wrote to her cousin Harry in Rome, "might go far to finishing me up." In both social and medical terms, she was unable to travel alone, and the Tweedys, who went often to Italy, and who had reared the orphaned girl from the age of nine, never once invited her to go with them. A family proposal that would have taken her to the warmth of California in the company of her sister Elly fell through when Elly's husband, a railroad magnate, decided that remaining in the east was better for business. "The grand plan for Minny's recovery was incidental," Gordon concludes. Minny's recovery, it appeared, was incidental to

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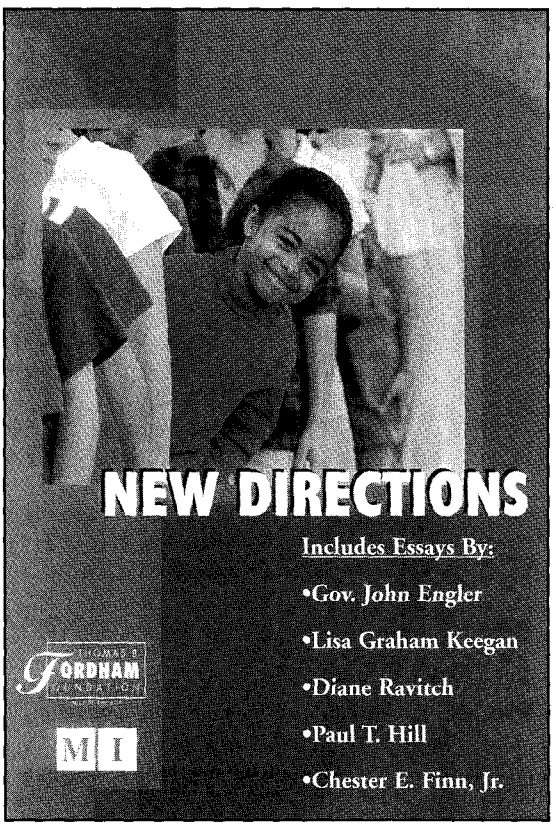

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nearly everyone close to her.

She did not believe that it was incidental to cousin Harry. Rome was her coveted goal, and not only for the curative powers of its climate. Rome signified civilization, beauty, the American girl's dream of an idealized Europe; and Harry was there. "I am not very strong nowadays, altho' it is summer," she wrote to James. "I would give anything to have a winter in Italy." "I want to go abroad," she had pressed him earlier, "and I mean to think deeply about it, and try to get there." She went so far as to arrange for a chaperone to accompany and care for her, but soon withdrew from this scheme: she was not well enough. There was a deeper obstacle. She was slowly growing aware of James's resistance to any tendril of a notion of dependence on him.

Even relieved of physical responsibility for his cousin, James did not welcome her presence. He was at this time in a struggle with serious constipation and low spirits; he had fallen into a kind of invalidism. "To think that you should be ill and depressed so far away," she sympathized, "just when I was congratulating myself that you, at all events, were well and happy, even if nobody else was." "Nobody else" was Minny herself, but James was not responsive to this appeal or any other. The true blow came when he left Rome and returned to the dampness of England. She understood then—despite the old consolations of their long-standing intimacy—that she had no part at all in the principle that governed his being; her letters ceased.

To William he confided his intention "to write as good a novel one of these days" as *The House of the Seven Gables*; his passions were overridingly directed to literary dominion. He may have cherished what he saw as Minny's "intellectual grace" and "moral spontaneity," but if she threatened, even at a distance, to distract his concentration and his will, he fled. Intellectual grace and moral spontaneity were not to intrude on his siege of the citadel of art—until, after Minny's death, they, and she, became the brightest stuff of his novels and tales.

He had, then, the capacity to disappoint—to disappoint even the tenderest relation of his life. The tenderness, with Minny, was of a purity and a clarity; there might be a skein of romance thrown over their old walks and talks, but there was no question of marriage, no teasing sexuality. And James was still Harry.

IV.

TEN YEARS LATER, at thirty-six, he had become Henry James, acclaimed man of letters, lionized author of the hugely popular *Daisy Miller*. It was at this time that he found himself pursued—at least he felt pursued—by Constance Fenimore Woolson, herself an American expatriate, who had traveled to London to present him with a letter of introduction. The letter wove together certain interesting connections.

COURTESY W.W. NORTON

Constance Fenimore Woolson

It had been given to Woolson by Henrietta, another of Minny Temple's sisters, who was now living in Cooperstown, New York—a village named for Woolson's great-uncle, James Fenimore Cooper, the famed novelist of the American frontier. Northern-born, Woolson moved south after the Civil War, visiting battlefields and military cemeteries, interviewing freed slaves, and publishing well-received fiction grounded in these explorations. When her mother died, she began a wandering continental life, mainly in Italy, in hotels, pensions, or rented flats, industriously bringing out novels and stories. Her reputation grew sufficiently for the *Nation* to charge her, in a swipe at literary women, with "infesting the magazines."

She was, in short, a serious professional in an age when women who wrote were ferociously disparaged. "Women aren't literary in any substantial sense of the term," James complained, and produced the mocking tale of "Greville Fane" to prove the point. He called female reviewers "the hen-sex," and fumed at being seated at dinner with "a third-rate female novelist." Gordon slyly notes that even the monumental George Eliot did not escape diminishment: if she had seen and known more of life, James said, "she would have done greater things." This from a man who had avoided battle at home, frequented country houses abroad, and charted his characters' secret meditations when they were mostly indoors and sitting still.

Woolson and her letter of introduction missed James in London—he had already left for Paris—and caught him in Florence. It was a friendship that was destined to be unequal. She came to him as an adulator, defining herself—suitably—as the lesser writer; but he made her out to be less than she was. On one occasion he wounded her bitterly when he described her in a letter as "amiable," the kind of blandishment that he applied to the generality of ladies whom he was an old hand at charming. She knew she was fiercer than that, and darker, and a hundred times more ambitious.

He had met, Gordon tells us, "a writer absorbed in writing even more completely than himself." In their early acquaintance in Florence they made the rounds together of churches and galleries, paintings and sculptures, James leading and discoursing, Woolson rapturously listening.

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He had begun by thinking of her as a neatly dressed spinster, deaf in one ear, "a good little woman," "a perfect lady," "Miss Woolson." When her intellect and dedication showed themselves indefeasibly, he chose to call her Fenimore: an open recognition of sorts, which led to his talking over with her his current work. "I see her at discreet intervals," he admitted to William Dean Howells, editor of the *Atlantic*, who published both Woolson and James. "She is a very intelligent woman, and understands when she is spoken to."

HE HAD ADVANCED, cautiously, to an appreciation of her—but she was always subordinate. She was, in his phrase, a "resource." He sent her his dramatization of *Daisy Miller* (it rankled him that it was never staged); she read and responded during an intense period when she was laboring thirteen hours a day to complete a manuscript of her own. One of her novels, serialized in *Harper's*, was so successful that she felt obligated to apologize to James. "Even if a story of mine should have a large 'popular' sale," she told him, she of course recognized that "the utmost best of my work cannot touch the hem of your first or poorest." And if he exploited her admiration and the usefulness of her literary scrutiny, she did not protest.

Nor did she protest that he hid their friendship; she colluded in his project of secrecy. Ten years of association were suppressed. "None of his London circle knew of her presence in his life," Gordon reveals. He rarely spoke or wrote of Woolson, and then only obliquely, masking the quality of their relationship. In 1886, on a visit to Florence, where she was then residing, he spent three weeks in rooms literally next door to hers, in a house she had rented. It had all the comforts of a private domesticity. A similar arrangement was undertaken the following year; again they divided the house, she on an upper floor, he on a lower. These prolonged occasions, with their meals and talks and inevitable familiarity, were kept carefully screened from James's usual society. And still he could disappear from her ken for eighteen months at a time.

She may now and then have been a solace to him, but he dreaded being linked with her—he feared the publicity of an "attachment." As for Woolson, she not only understood when she was spoken to; she understood far more. A character in "The Street of the Hyacinth," a story published in 1882, intimates her sense of James: "He was an excellent evader when he chose to exert himself, and he finally got away from the little high-up apartment ... without any positive promise as to the exact date of his next visit." "My plans are uncertain," the Jamesian persona asserts. "I have a habit of not assuming responsibility, I suppose I have grown selfish."

James evaded Woolson whenever it pleased him. In January 1894 she evaded him, and horribly: she threw herself from the window of her "little high-up apartment," this one in Venice, recently let. Like James himself (and like William and Alice), she was subject to periods of black depression. When the report of her death arrived, James at first thought that it was from influenza, and prepared to go to the funeral. But when he learned she was a suicide, he recoiled, pronounced her "deranged," and insisted that she "was not, she was never, wholly sane."

According to Gordon, this "slur of uncontrollable dementia" had a self-protective aim. "The coded message is plain: no one," she argues, "not the best of friends, could have prevented this death." The publicity James had always feared did, after all, explode around him. As long as three years after the event, the *New York Herald* was identifying him as "the principal mourner," and offering as "the truth about Mr. James's bachelorhood" his having been "this other author's devoted slave.... Miss Woolson was not to be won."

THREE MONTHS AFTER Woolson's death, James committed himself to an extraordinarily uncharacteristic task. Woolson's sister and niece, Clara and Clare Benedict, were sailing from America to Venice to dismantle the little high-up apartment and all its accumulated treasures. James left London and eagerly joined them in the work of sorting and clearing—sacrificing five full weeks to manual drudgery in Woolson's memory. But this seemingly charitable act had a deeply self-serving purpose. The continuing wet weather called for a daily fire, and into it—either trusted or unnoticed by his companions—James tossed every scrap that touched on himself or revealed anything that might cause him uneasiness.

Woolson served James ever afterward. A version of her turns up as the unnamed woman writer in "The Altar of the Dead"; as May Bartram in "The Beast in the Jungle"; as Miss Gostrey in *The Ambassadors*; and as Miss Staverton in "The Jolly Corner," a title derived from "Cheerful Corner," Woolson's childhood home. It was from a story of Woolson's that James took the phrase, and the metaphor, of "The Figure in the Carpet." Three times he visited her grave in the Protestant Cemetery in Rome. And, most mysteriously, in the autumn of 1894, in Oxford, he sought out the furnished flat she had occupied for the

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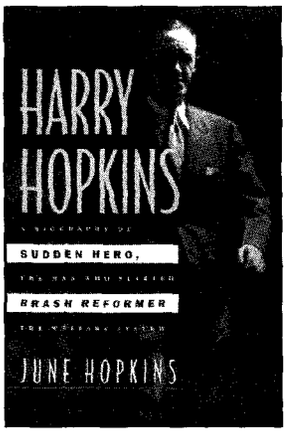

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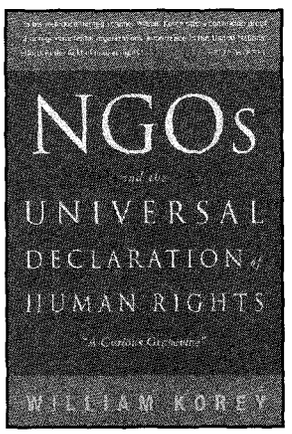

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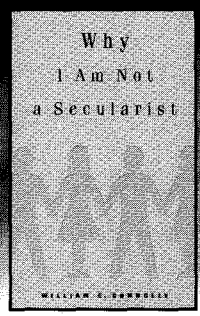

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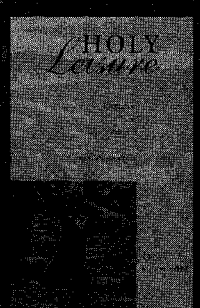

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two preceding years and briefly let it; he slept in her bed.

Lyndall Gordon begins her remarkable study—intuitive, scholarly, novel-like, bold—with an amazing image. In 1956, four decades after James's death, a BBC program in his honor recorded, from Florence, the voice of an elderly woman who as a young girl had known James. She was remembering snatches of a scene he had related, all the while oddly laughing, about the death of "some very famous person" in Venice, about having to "do certain things," and about dresses, and a lagoon, and "horrible black balloons." Gordon opens her history with a reconstruction of this fantastic (and perhaps fantasized) memory, drawing also from a passage in "The Aspern Papers." A gentleman in a gondola in the middle of a Venetian lake is in the act of heaving into the water a bundle of ladies' garments, all dark-colored and nicely tailored:

> The gondolier's pole would have been useful for pushing them under the still water. But the dresses refused to drown. One by one they rose to the surface, their busts and sleeves swelling like black balloons. Purposefully, the gentleman pushed them under, but silent, reproachful, they rose before his eyes.

It seems unlikely that James, with or without the Benedicts' leave, would have contrived so strange an expedition to dispose of Woolson's clothes. And yet the unlikely, the driven, the weird, were never foreign to his imagination. Gordon's picture of swollen sleeves and torsos resisting drowning, stubbornly bobbing, is as suggestive as she means it to be: a woman returning, a woman refusing to vanish.

The two women, Minny Temple and Constance Woolson, whose phantoms took hold of James's vision, fevering and inflaming it, again and again replenish Gordon's thesis. Posthumously, they fed his genius. But when they were alive, his genius beat them off, defending itself with the isolating fortifications that alone sustain literary obsession. Before Harry turned his back on her, Minny believed her cousin's goodness passed comprehension. Woolson, older and worldlier, had a more sardonic view of what to expect. In a story about a literary lion, published a year after the start of her problematic friendship with James, she wrote: "Let us see a man of genius who is 'good' as well." The skeptical quotation marks emphasize her discernment: the ruthless sovereignty of the Master, the defensive selfishness of art. ■

Margaret Mead Goes to Harlem

By ALAN WOLFE

No Shame in My Game: The Working Poor in the Inner City by Katherine S. Newman

(Knopf and The Russell Sage Foundation, 388 pp., $27.95)

I.

THE FIRST POINT that Katherine Newman sets out to establish is that there really are working poor in the inner city. Newman believes that most Americans are so hostile to those who live at the bottom of the economic pyramid that they fail to recognize how many of them work, and work hard. An anthropologist by training, she went to Harlem not to study drug addicts and squeegee men, but to record the lives of ordinary people trying to form families, to hold down jobs, and to make ends meet.

Newman calls these people "the invisible poor." This echoing of Michael Harrington is meant to remind us that before poverty become "racialized"—that is, before we automatically assumed that poor people were black and lived in the inner city—we used to be more sympathetic to those left behind by capitalism's progress. If we come to realize how hard-working poor people in Harlem really are, she believes, we will be less likely to view them as residents of some other world to which we have no obligation.

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Newman organized her research around working at a chain of hamburger outlets very much resembling McDonald's. If you have not spent much time in Harlem, she tells her readers, you probably do not understand the kinds of people who flip hamburgers for the company she calls Burger Barn. In the suburbs, where workers are scarce, teenagers take such jobs to gain extra income for their wardrobes. In demand, they earn somewhat more than the minimum wage. Their jobs are transitional, ending when the kids go off to college or find "real" work doing something else.

In Harlem, however, many African American and Latino young people growing up in the area will be lured by street life. But some will not be lured. Determined to set out on their own, they search for work, hoping to land a job in the public sector, but lacking the necessary contacts and skills, especially at a time when such jobs are disappearing. Contacts are necessary even to find work at Burger Barn; Newman cannot emphasize enough the role that informal networks play in labor markets. For those with access to such networks, McJobs pay the minimum wage and offer few opportunities for advancement. What they provide is an opportunity to establish an employment record. That is why such jobs are not be scorned; working at a hamburger franchise is, in its own way, a certificate of respectability.

As they work, so do they live. Most of us, Newman argues, have a distorted view of what family life is like among the inner-city poor. Convinced that young black females have large numbers of illegitimate children, and that young black males flee their financial and emotional responsibilities, we fail to appreciate how difficult it is to support a family on low pay without health insurance. People who live on very little income may not have conventional families, but they still have families. Immigrants live together in large extended families, pooling their incomes, whether from welfare or work, to make ends meet. Young unwed mothers love their babies just like everyone else. And many men in Harlem "help to support the households they live in and often provide regular infusions of cash, food, and time to the mothers of their children with whom they do not live."

If working gives structure to family life, it also undergirds education. Focused on middle-class kids, we tend to think that working takes time and energy away from schooling. But not in the inner city. People who work at Burger Barn are often high school drop-outs. Lest the reader

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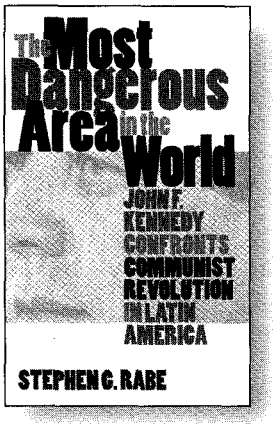

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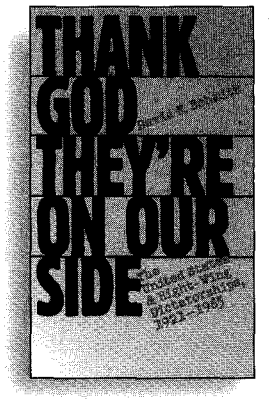

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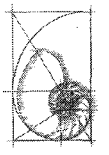

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think that dead-end jobs match their lack of skills, Newman emphasizes the maturity and the discipline needed to work under pressure. Given responsibility for the first time in their lives—and suddenly realizing what will happen to them in the future if they do not shape up—they return to school or obtain a GED degree, finding themselves in possession of the discipline and the study habits they once lacked.

Do any of these workers actually make it out of the ghetto? Newman, whose previous book was on downward mobility, is not about to turn into an enthusiast for the upward variety. Emphasizing her own brush with low-wage labor when her parents fell on hard times, she notes the degree to which she benefited from middle-class values and the availability of financial aid to attend college. Yet Burger Barn workers do not have the advantages now that she did then. They try, heaven knows, to work their way up, but all too often they find themselves stuck in the same place. Confronting employers' racial stereotypes, cutbacks in municipal services, and the burdens of their own pasts, a few of them are able to enter management training programs, but most churn about in jobs meant for teenagers, not for adults with family responsibilities.

NEWMAN DESERVES PRAISE for bringing to life the working poor of Harlem. Prescient in her choice of subject matter, she understood, even before welfare reform made it the law of the land, that work, not government support, was going to shape the debate over obligations to the poor. Her research focuses, moreover, on people with whom every sympathetic middle-class reader ought to identify. Who can doubt that, in turning its back on the ne'er-do-wells of the underclass, America has also turned its back on people deserving of all the support an affluent society can give them? Reasonable people can disagree about how much equality there ought to be, but no one but the cruelest can think a society just if it allows some people to reap unearned stock options worth millions while others struggle, through no fault of their own, with conditions of life beneath the threshold of decency. There was a time, before academics studied pornographers and tattoo artists, when social scientists held up the plight of the working poor as emblematic of society's capacity for solidarity. Newman belongs in that great tradition.

And her accomplishments do not stop there. Newman's kind of urban anthropology is, to put it mildly, not the easiest kind of research to conduct. Finding and winning the confidence of the people whom she studied required dogged persistence. To carry out her project, Newman employed a veritable army of graduate students unwilling to settle for superficial impressions; when Newman describes the complexities of what many of us might characterize as dead-end jobs, she does so by reporting on the efforts of her students to actually perform these jobs under real-life conditions. Newman, in short, is the very opposite of the bloodless social scientist poring over numbers in an effort to establish significant correlations.

The problem is that the impressive scholarship that shines through Newman's book is attended by an utterly conventional political sensibility. Rarely have I read a book so marked by deep curiosity about how the world works but connected to so many platitudes about how the world ought to work. Newman is not content to let her empirical work speak for itself. She peppers her book with mini-editorials chastising middle-class readers for their unenlightened views about the poor. There is a shame in Newman's game, a deeply regrettable shame. She is so persuaded of the need to fit everything she observes into her unexamined presuppositions that she is incapable of telling the real story that is found on every page of her book. It is the story that our country needs; for if, as Newman insists, it is a story that challenges conservative prejudices, it challenges even more—and in every way—the usual answers offered by the left to the perplexities of poverty in America.

II.

CONSIDER, FOR A START, the hero of Newman's book: capitalism, and more specifically the policies of a company that, at least in Newman's account, is more committed to eradicating urban poverty than any Upper West Side liberal. It turns out that Burger Barn did not come into Harlem to exploit customers and workers. Acutely alive to its location, the company has a deliberate policy of overlooking early brushes with the law among potential employees. From Newman's descriptions of the hassles of living in poverty without medical insurance or adequate child-care—frequent emergency room visits which can last most of a day, crippling asthma and diabetes—one gets the sense of an employer willing to give its workers considerable latitude in bending their work schedules to accommodate their hectic lives.

Newman paints a picture of franchise owners as deeply engaged in the civic life of Harlem, working closely with kids on a one-to-one basis, owing not only to their own idealism but also to the requirements of their company. Despite Newman's pessimism about the life chances of these workers, Burger Barn has instituted extensive programs to train minority workers to become franchise owners. (Harlem residents in the program are trained in a comfortable hotel on Long Island.) We even learn at one point that, for all of Newman's talk about contracting opportunities, "the inner city is actually an expanding market for Burger Barn," which means that "demand for management is steady."

I CONFESS TO being stunned by what I learned from this book about the enlightened corporate policies of this chain of hamburger restaurants. I am enough of an old-fashioned social democrat to have believed that only extensive government programs can do anything to reverse the conditions of life in the inner-city; but Newman's book, more than any tract from the Heritage Foundation, has persuaded me otherwise.

Consider the National Youth Apprenticeship Program. Sixty years ago, such a name would have conjured up images of a New Deal agency. But this is a program run by private companies such as Walgreen's, Hyatt, and McDonald's. Working in some of the toughest inner-city schools in the country, NYAP separates promising students out from the rest of the school population and works with them, and their teachers, to improve their school performance—with often dramatic results. In return for taking on a more demanding academic program, students are offered summer jobs, managerial-track work at the age of eighteen, and help with community college costs. Newman rightly praises this program. What she does not discuss is how middle-class America can be so hostile to the poor if such quintessential institutions of middle-class America are doing so much good.

There is another hero in Newman's tale, and it is work. One would have to comb out-of-print management manuals to find encomia to work as enthusiastic as those of Newman's inner-city residents. After confessing a certain embarrassment at wearing the franchise's uniform, one of her respondents says: "I'm proud that I'm working. You know my daughter's father ... used to grab pigs and clean pigs all day. But he was respected for his job.... Anybody who could work any kind of job should be respected. Because they was getting that money honestly. They

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don't have to go out there and get it illegal." Middle-class morality, Newman convincingly demonstrates, does not stop with the middle class. If these inner-city poor voted, and if they voted based on their attitudes toward work, they would almost certainly vote Republican.

And they cling to these attitudes in the face of withering criticism from the non-working poor. Serving hamburgers to people with whom they once dropped out of school, broke into buildings, or shared drugs, these young workers need to steel themselves against the "dissing" of those who are convinced that working, like doing well in school, is one more way of acting white. The tormentors, moreover, torment for a reason; all it takes is one angry outburst from the person pushing orders into the cash register and one is back on the street, the dissing having accomplished its objective of guaranteeing a kind of primitive equality. Reading Newman's account of such people fills the reader with admiration for their moral courage.

But alas, moral courage is a term not permitted in Newman's political ideology. Deathly afraid that praising some for their moral backbone will be taken as a judgment that others—including the dissers—lack it, Newman attributes the bravery of her respondents not to their individual character, but to the workplace culture in which they find themselves. As she recounts stories of individual bravery, she emphasizes the role that friends and managers play in shoring up the fragile egos of young people dealing with the treachery of ghetto life; but all the networks in the world cannot help you if you lack character.

One would think that Newman, struck by these remarkable people, would want to know at least a little bit about how they developed their fortitude. Yet these are speculations that she will not permit herself. Instead she writes Solidarity Forever prose about how true dignity requires "a common bond within the organization and across the nation of fellow workers." Her determination to attribute as much as she can to social structures, and therefore as little as she can to the moral strengths and the moral weaknesses of individuals, is so relentless that at one point she blames the noise and the daily chaos surrounding one Harlem resident's apartment on "the concentration of troubled people whom the city has deposited on her doorstep."

No story can have only heroes. For Newman, no villain is more insidious than middle-class stereotyping of the poor. There is not a chapter in her book in which she does not pause to comment on how "misleading" are our views on poverty, how we "dismiss" ghetto kids for wanting only gold chains and sneakers, how "public perceptions" about McJobs are incorrect, how "moralistic exhortations" about sex out of marriage are naïve, how African-Americans are subject to a "powerful discourse of condemnation" as they face insuperable odds, or how our assumptions "blind us" to the values people learn from sources other than the family. "We inhabit an unforgiving culture that is blind to the many reasons why some people cross that employment barrier and others are left behind," Newman concludes. And our reasons are entirely selfish: "These days, our puritanical attitudes owe some of their force to the resentment the employed bear toward the taxes they must pay to support those who cannot earn on their own."

It is a truism of modern anthropology that Samoa is overflowing with lessons for Scarsdale. And so, in Newman's view, is Harlem. Newman ventures frequently into Margaret Mead-like lecturing, informing us that extended immigrant families have more "social capital" than conventional suburban families, that many middle-class jobs are just as rote as Burger Barn jobs, that stay-at-home moms outside the city play the same role of sustaining social and civic life as welfare moms inside the city, and—in language far closer to political rhetoric than to social science—that "in the inner city, the last place most Americans would look for expressions of the work ethic, the drive to join the labor force is stronger than it is in Westchester."

This way of thinking is wrong on two counts. For one thing, it gets middle-class America wrong. It would be difficult to find too many unforgiving Puritans left in middle-class America; and in fact Americans support taxing themselves if they think that the money will reach its intended target. And more seriously, Newman gets underclass America wrong. "Through sheer, baseless repetition, and through nonrepresentative case studies of a few Afro-American housing projects by urban anthropologists," writes Orlando Patterson in his new book *Rituals of Blood*, "it has become an accepted belief that large networks of support and natural neighborhood communities are out there waiting to be developed and built on." But no one in

Mr F Gets Fit

(Homage to a Spirit of Amherst)

I jogged away from town on a dim day
That didn't know me, though I knew my way,
Or thought as much. The way seemed unimpressed
And thought it ought to put me to some test,

For not one path I confidently chose
But steepened. If I slackened then they rose,
And took my breath as if they needed air
For mischief and had singled out my share.

Like I was someone that today could spare.
Make light of, brush away, not its affair.
One that today could do its work without,
Be fond of, being unconcerned about.

On these new ways by which I had to pass
Came none with any notion who I was,
But all, by light too brief for friendship found,
Suggested I begin by turning round,

So I should face where I belonged: elsewhere.
But I had run too much from here to there
Not to prefer to walk from there to here,
As I began to do, not to appear

Unneighbourly to neighbours. And it took
Ten times as long, by any watchman's book,
And no less upward than it was before.
As if the toll is always to be more

To gain admittance at a snow-white gate,
And tread the stony path in no fit state
For any sight but mine. So I doubt if I
Shall jog again this side of a white sky.

But I may get intolerably heated
Should you so much as mutter that I cheated.
I woulda jogged forever if I coulda.
It did me good. I hope it does you gooder.

Glyn Maxwell

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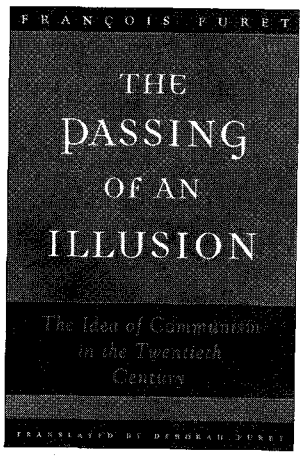

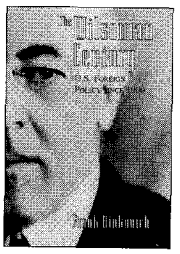

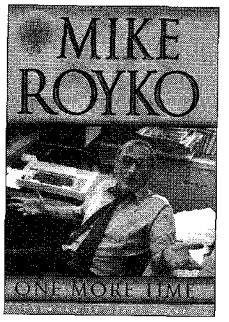

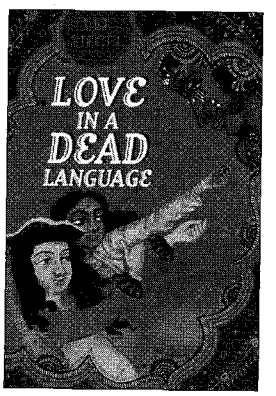

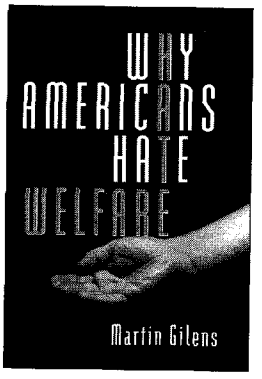

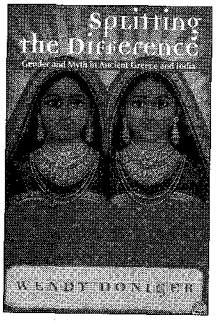

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America is lonelier than the poverty-stricken of the inner city, isolated from the world around them. "There are no 'hoods' out there," Patterson continues, "which is precisely why murderous gangs, like opportunistic social cancers, rush in to fill the vacuum."

For Newman, as for so much of contemporary anthropology, this conviction that the other is different from us only to the degree that the other is superior to us is linked to the notion that whatever villains may exist, they are not to be found among the noble victims with whom the anthropologist so strongly identifies. Yet Newman's book is filled with data that suggest that, no matter how much we admire these people and want them to succeed, they are sometimes their own worst enemies. Consider the portrayal of men in *No Shame in My Game*. It almost never crosses the minds of the men studied by Newman that, having impregnated their girlfriends, they should marry them and do their best to support their children. So pervasive is this behavior that even Newman admits that "there are men in Harlem who have turned their backs on their mothers, wives, girlfriends, and children."

YET THERE ARE other men in this story as well. There are men such as Jamal, Newman's "favorite" among her respondents. Weighing 220 pounds, son of a crack-addicted mother, hot-tempered, Jamal gives off the impression of exactly the kind of young black male worth crossing the street to avoid. When Jamal is introduced, however, we are told of the "doting love he has for his young wife" Kathy and his dedication to working hard to support her and their infant daughter Tammy. Beware of your stereotypes, Newman warns her readers, for people like Jamal are "honorable examples" of men trying to do the right thing.

Now surely Newman is correct that the stereotype of the irresponsible black male does not apply to all men in Harlem. One expects, therefore, that she will offer the reader some numbers. How many of those she studied are selfish egoists and how many are like Jamal? But here we stumble upon one area in which Newman's political commitments so overwhelm her social scientific responsibilities that her research, and not just her sensibilities, can be faulted. For not only are no such comparisons provided, but it turns out that Jamal is no exception at all.

For one thing, Jamal and Kathy are not married. Newman describes their relationship elsewhere as a "common law" marriage, but not even that term is correct. In most American states, common-law marriages must contain "holding out," some indication, such as the woman taking the man's last name or filing joint income-tax returns, that the partners consider themselves married; cohabitation by itself does not constitute a common-law marriage. Their baby does not live with them because Jamal, in a fit of anger, harmed Tammy, leading to her removal by Social Services. Jamal's story is a fascinating one, and one wants to know more. What did he actually do to the child? Given that drug addicts are notorious liars, exactly how "occasional" are the hits of cocaine that he admits he still takes? Why have Jamal and Kathy been unable to "meet the court's conditions for the return of Tammy?" Indeed, what were those conditions? Why is it that when Jamal and Kathy hold a birthday party for Tammy, no one comes except for Newman's research assistant? And why does Tammy's foster mother decide not to bring the child to the party?

If Jamal is to be held up as an indicator of how hard some people toil to create appropriate family values, one craves answers to all these questions, but Newman evidently did not think that she should apply her anthropological skills to address questions which may have made her uncomfortable. When the reader learns at the end of the book that Jamal, Kathy, and Tammy have literally disappeared—Newman is unable to find a trace of them anywhere, including both at Burger Barn and at Social Services—one only hopes that tragedies even more gruesome than those described have not taken place.

DOES ANY OF THIS matter? Newman's book proves that it does. For a surprising number of the Burger Barn workers whom Newman studied actually did succeed. She describes one of them, Latoya, as hopelessly longing for a dream job that she can never realistically attain, one that would limit her working hours so that she can spend time with her children. But Latoya is one of the genuine success stories of the book. She is admitted to a training program. Although she has had three children, she did manage to get the father of one of them, who has a well-paying job, to assume financial responsibility for their child. Ultimately, Latoya not only becomes the second assistant manager of one outlet, she is, as the book closes, promised a general manager's position.

The fact that this young woman achieves something fairly close to her dream flies in the face of Newman's insistence that the fates of Harlem's residents are in the hands of large-scale structural

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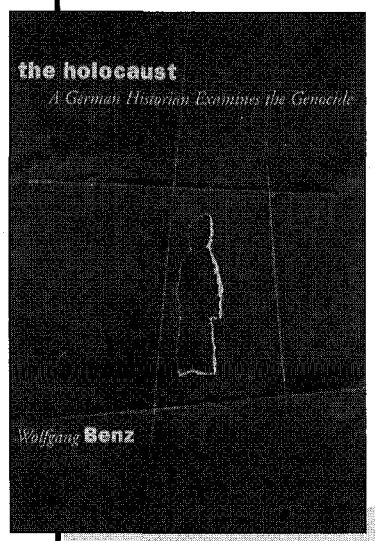

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forces over which they have precious little control. Grit, determination, and character evidently matter a lot.

III.

When Congress passed, and President Clinton signed, the Personal Responsibility and Work Opportunity Reconciliation Act of 1996, America's approach to the question of federal assistance to the poor underwent a sea-change. The nation as a political entity no longer committed itself to help for the poor, as that responsibility was assigned to the states; and people who received public assistance were told in no uncertain terms that they would eventually have to work to support themselves, no matter how small their children or how impoverished their skills. Welfare reform was one of the most radical pieces of legislation enacted in this century.

"The real consequences of this reform will not be known for some time," Newman writes of the 1996 law, before proceeding to tell us exactly what those consequences will be: "But it does not take a rocket scientist—or even a trained economist—to know that pushing thousands of low-skilled women with little recent job experience into a labor market that already has a surplus of would-be workers will worsen conditions for everyone." Newman belongs to that school of leftist social criticism which holds that everything is deteriorating all the time.

In Newman's picture of reality, conditions for African-Americans have been "worsening" since the mid-1970s, when in fact the size of the black middle class has expanded dramatically. "Immigrants face particularly difficult conditions today," she writes, even though America is more open to immigration than any other rich country in the world; and public-sector jobs are constantly being lost, even though private-sector jobs are constantly being created. If you subscribe to this gloomy picture of the American situation, then welfare reform's consequences can only be bad, for legislators who insist that people ought to take care of themselves are, in Newman's view, unable to overcome their stereotypes about the poor, and so are determined to stigmatize those whose worlds are incomprehensible to them.

How odd, then, that Newman reaches conclusions so similar to those of the conservative supporters of welfare reform. Determined to persuade her readers that the working poor of Harlem are responsible, Newman demonstrates why welfare as we knew it was so irresponsible. Here are Juan and Kyesha, both of whom work at Burger Barn. Kyesha is introduced as the very model of an underclass female: hanging out in the projects with pregnant girls already on welfare, doing badly in school. She meets Juan, has a child with him, and they break up. With everything in place for another addition to the welfare roles, this couple becomes the honorable example that Jamal and Kathy did not become.

"It is important to recognize," Newman writes, "that although Kyesha and Juan have had a child out of wedlock, it was their first and last, not their third." So sexual restraint matters after all. And Juan supports his baby financially, so male responsibility matters as well. How did this couple, amidst all the social disorganization of the ghetto, manage to do the right thing? "Employment brought these two young people together, generated a sense of responsibility that keeps them involved in the care of their child, provided the wherewithal for them to act as reasonably responsible parents, and gave them something else to focus on besides serial pregnancies."

The capacity of work to impose self-restraint carries over beyond matters of sexuality. Kimberly wanted to do better in school, and her boss, another of these Burger Barn do-gooders, promised her lots of breaks in which she could finish her homework. Still, in order to work and to go to school simultaneously, Kimberly was forced to give up track and cheerleading. Newman calls these "real losses," yet there is little doubt that young people like her will benefit more from the job than from the extra-curricular activities. "While working may not be the ideal choice for them," Newman writes in typically begrudging fashion, "it is probably the best choice under real-world circumstances, one that provides structure, sources of discipline, caring adults who watch over them, and a better shot at the future than is available to their nonworking friends, many of whom are destined to drop out altogether."

Work, in short, acts as something of a wonder drug for which dependency on the state was the disease. This, at least, is one way to read what Newman's actual research demonstrates. For all its leftist asides, *No Shame in My Game* is in some ways a thoroughly conservative book. When a book written from the left praises employers for expanding opportunities and laments military cutbacks for constricting them, it is clear how far from the 1960s we have traveled. And from the 1980s, too. The world described by Newman is one in which black Burger Barn

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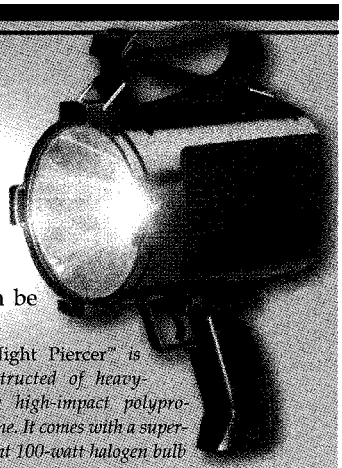

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managers will not hire unkempt black teenagers, and Spanish-speaking immigrants, to the resentment of many blacks, grab up as many of the available jobs in Harlem as they can get their hands on. This is not the stuff of the Rainbow Coalition.

IT MAY BE TRUE, of course, that conservatives were right all along, and that we should thank Newman for pointing this out. But I do not think that this is the proper conclusion. If Newman's book shows how many success stories there are in Harlem, it also shows, often powerfully, that there are people in Harlem who really do need public assistance. The pressures on the people described by Newman are enormous, and they can bring the reader close to tears.

As her book makes perfectly clear, not everyone can respond to them all. If a twenty-year-old finds herself unable to work, to raise a child or two, to continue in school, and to take care of a drug-addicted mother, can we really conclude that she is undeserving if she falls apart and loses her job? Newman would say no, and so would I. It is welfare, not affirmative action, that should have been mended rather than ended. Newman and I also agree that we went too far in abolishing the federal guarantee on public assistance and in imposing time limits on the states. She is certain that we will rue the day that we instituted those reforms. I have less purchase on the future, but I worry that she will be proved right.

But if the worst case comes to pass, how much will be due to conservative hostility to the poor and how much to the failure of the left to recognize that while we cannot all succeed, we all must try? Conservatives treat the poor as Marx once described the lumpenproletariat, as a sack of potatoes in which one is indistinguishable from another. Yet so, all too often, does Newman. In response to the right's picture of welfare cheats, she offers a picture of suffering nobility. But the really important point is that poverty, welfare, and work are about individuals, some of whom act in ways that deserve our help and some of whom do not.

Newman's respondents know this, even if Newman does not. "Some people act stupid," says Helena, the daughter of Dominican immigrants, talking about the right way to go to a job interview. "Don't wear an earring in your nose. That looks disgusting.... You have to look neat, not all bummed out." Newman's insistence that those who impose morality tests on the poor are ignorant and misguided not only violates common sense, it undercuts the dignity of the people whom she has so movingly brought to our attention. ■

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There is persistent pressure on Israel to bring "sacrifices for peace." It is understood that these "sacrifices" refer to greater "flexibility" in dealing with the Arabs, but mean primarily that Israel should allow its dismemberment, in order to bring peace to the region.

What are the facts?

A Bizarre Concept. The concept to bring "sacrifices for peace" is a new one that has never before found application in world history. It was created by Arab propaganda to induce Israel to agree to its dismemberment, to give strategic assets to those who are determined to destroy it.

Since its creation in 1948, Israel has been subjected to almost constant Arab terror, to unceasing Arab aggression, and to three major wars. In the Six-Day War, it recovered its heartland of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and the eastern part of Jerusalem; it captured the Golan Heights from Syria, which had been used for decades to shell and spread terror over much of northern Israel; and it conquered Gaza and the Sinai Desert that had been used by Egypt as staging ground and invasion route to Israel.

Here are three good sacrifices that the Arabs could bring for peace: (1) Abandon the insistence on recovering the Golan; (2) Stop the clamor about the division of Jerusalem; (3) Disarm the Palestinian "police".

Many Sacrifices for Peace. In order to achieve peace with its neighbors, Israel brought sacrifices for peace that have no precedent in the history of the world. For peace with Egypt, Israel returned the entire Sinai. There is little thanks on the part of Egypt for this generosity and this sacrifice for peace. The controlled Egyptian press spews daily anti-Israel venom. President Mubarak has never visited Jerusalem. It is the coolest possible peace. A sacrifice for peace brought in vain—probably a major act of folly on the part of Israel.

Israel made sacrifices for peace by signing a peace treaty with Jordan. In that peace, Israel granted Jordan a large yearly allowance of fresh water from its own dwindling and meager resources and accepted a petty demand for "border rectification"—yielding of land. As for Syria, no offered sacrifice for peace seems to be sufficient to satisfy its dictator, President Hafez Assad. He is unwilling to consider even an ice-cold peace, except for Israel's total surrender of the Golan Heights. Fortunately, under the current Israeli government such a surrender is not in the cards.

The greatest sacrifice for peace that Israel has brought was the resuscitation of the bankrupt and moribund PLO terror organization and the acceptance of it "chairman" Yasser Arafat as a negotiating partner. In this ill-advised process, foisted on Israel by world pressure and by its previous government, Israel has made far-reaching and existential sacrifices and concessions. It has yielded control of the Gaza Strip and of all major "West Bank" cities to the Palestinian Authority and has agreed to detailed plans to grant further autonomy to the Palestinians. In what is probably the ultimate folly in this process, Israel has tolerated the formation of a Palestinian "police force" (actually an army) of 40,000 men—the largest police-to-population ratio in the world (!)—and has equipped this "police force' with a complete arsenal of automatic weapons. As the world now knows, these weapons were turned on Israeli soldiers and civilians at the very first opportunity that the Palestinian leaders provoked.

The Arab countries, not Israel, are killing peace in the Middle East. The PLO, apart from the bloody crimes that it has committed against Israel, has now established a virtual dictatorship in the territory allotted to it. In Egypt, thousands of Copts have been killed and their churches burned. President Assad of Syria has occupied Lebanon and has killed and tortured thousands. Iraq, under its dictator Saddam Hussein, is a rogue state attacking its neighbors and killing its own citizens. Saudi Arabia is a monarchical tyranny. Sudan is engaged in the systematic slaughter and enslavement of its black African people. How strange that nobody asks the Palestinians or any of the Arab states to bring any sacrifices for peace. Here are three good sacrifices that the Arabs could bring for peace: (1) Abandon the insistence on recovering the Golan; (2) Stop the clamor about the division of Jerusalem; (3) Disarm the Palestinian "police." Billy clubs are good enough for London Bobbies. Why should any more be needed to patrol Nablus, Hebron and Bethlehem?

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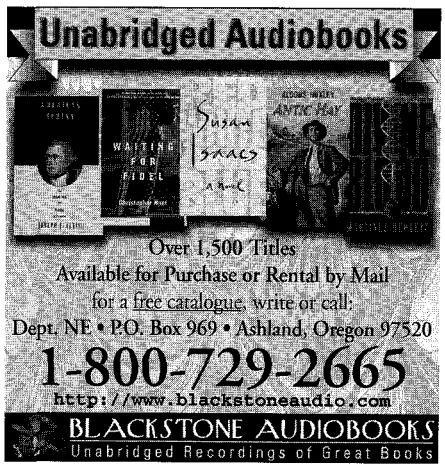
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The Unsecret Agent

By Ronald Radosh

A Covert Life: Jay Lovestone Communist, Anti-Communist, and Spymaster by Ted Morgan

(Random House, 402 pp., $29.95)

In Whit Stillman's *Barcelona*, a film about the residue of the anti-Americanism of the 1970s in Spain, one of the characters exclaims that even the American labor movement was in the hands of the anti-Communists. Don't you know about Jay Lovestone? he asks his friend; and he goes on to explain that those in the know refer to organized labor as the AFL-CIA. I wondered if I was the only person in the theater who knew what he was talking about. With any luck, the publication of Ted Morgan's splendid biography of Jay Lovestone will succeed in setting the record straight, and instruct the public about the previously unknown life of a significant behind-the-scenes player in the early cold war.

Jay Lovestone's highly unusual life might be said to be a major example of Ignazio Silone's prediction that the last war would be between the Communists and the ex-Communists. Lovestone's long fight against the international Communist movement was animated by his youthful experience as a founding father of the American Communist Party. He was born in Molchad, then part of Poland, in 1897, and his family came to America when he was ten years old. Like others of his immigrant generation, Lovestone forsook the strict religious background of his father, a Polish rabbi, and found his calling in radical politics. His path was much like the one taken by many of the other immigrant Jews whom Irving Howe memorably described in *World of Our Fathers*.

Like Howe, Lovestone attended the City College of New York, where he discovered the young socialist movement. When the Bolsheviks created what they called the first successful socialist revolution, Lovestone joined others in the Socialist Party in breaking with the mass democratic socialist movement, and joined the Comintern's American affiliate, the newly created Communist Party. Smart and ambitious, Lovestone became an aide and advisor to Charles E. Ruthenberg, the Party's first chairman. From his perch at the Party's top councils, the young Communist became a gifted polemicist, speechmaker, and organizer, and an expert in the one skill that was required to stay in a top CP position: a mastery of the intricacies of sectarian warfare.

In 1921, when two rival Communist parties merged to create the first legal Communist party in the United States and called it the Workers' Party, it was, as Morgan writes, "the only American political party under the control of a foreign government, obeying instructions from Moscow as Holy Writ." For a body numbering only twelve thousand (mostly foreign-born) members, the aspirations of the Workers' Party were great: "the defeat of capitalism and the overthrow of the United States government." When Ruthenberg died in 1927, Lovestone was in position to take over leadership of the organization, a job for which he had the full backing of Moscow. But just as Lovestone had chosen correctly in the American party's factional wars, he made the wrong choice in the more important international movement.

Like other leading Communists, Lovestone often traveled to Moscow, where he met the leading Soviet Politburo members, as well as other foreign Communists who were meeting with Comintern officials. In Moscow, Lovestone met and befriended the man whom Lenin liked to call "the darling of the Party," Nikolai Bukharin, the Bolsheviks' major intellectual and the editor of their newspaper. It was Lovestone's loyalty to Bukharin that nearly led to his doom.

In 1928, traveling to Moscow for a Comintern meeting with the other leaders of the American Communist Party, as the acclaimed head of the American Communist movement, Lovestone came prepared to support Bukharin in his fight

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over policy with Stalin. Lovestone's sin was the eminently reasonable one, as he argued at a Comintern meeting in Moscow, of asserting that "there is no revolutionary situation in America ... in no country is capitalism so strong.... Is it a terrible thing to say that there is little likelihood of an immediate revolutionary situation?" In Stalin's Russia, it was a terrible thing.

A year later, when Lovestone returned to Moscow for another meeting of the Comintern, in the company of what he dubbed a strong "proletarian" delegation including the famed "Mother" Ella Reeve Bloor (who began her political career in 1896 as a supporter of William Jennings Bryan), a Detroit machinist, a coal miner, a steelworker, and two black American Party members, and enjoying the overwhelming support of the CP's rank-and-file, Lovestone naïvely thought he was well positioned, as Morgan writes, "to fight it out with the leader of the parent party and chief of the Soviet state." But he was to discover that traveling to "the jaws of the bear" put himself and his delegation in a very dangerous situation.

WHEN THE SHOWDOWN with Stalin came, Lovestone became the first American Communist to learn the lesson that other Communist Party leaders would later (and too late) learn: that one must never challenge Stalin and the Comintern leadership. Instead of seriously debating the delegation's arguments, Stalin and the Comintern demanded total obedience to their new revolutionary line. Lovestone and his allies were made to resign from their leadership of the American Communist Party and to submit completely to Soviet demands. But Lovestone refused, and even dared to speak up directly to Stalin, arguing on behalf of American exceptionalism. The Comintern promptly expelled him from the American Communist Party, and transferred Party property and funds to other apparatchiks who pledged loyalty to Stalin and the Party's line. Lovestone himself got the word that he would not be allowed to leave Moscow—a decision that was a death sentence. He escaped with the help of a friend in Soviet intelligence, who provided him with a passport and a plane ticket out of Moscow.

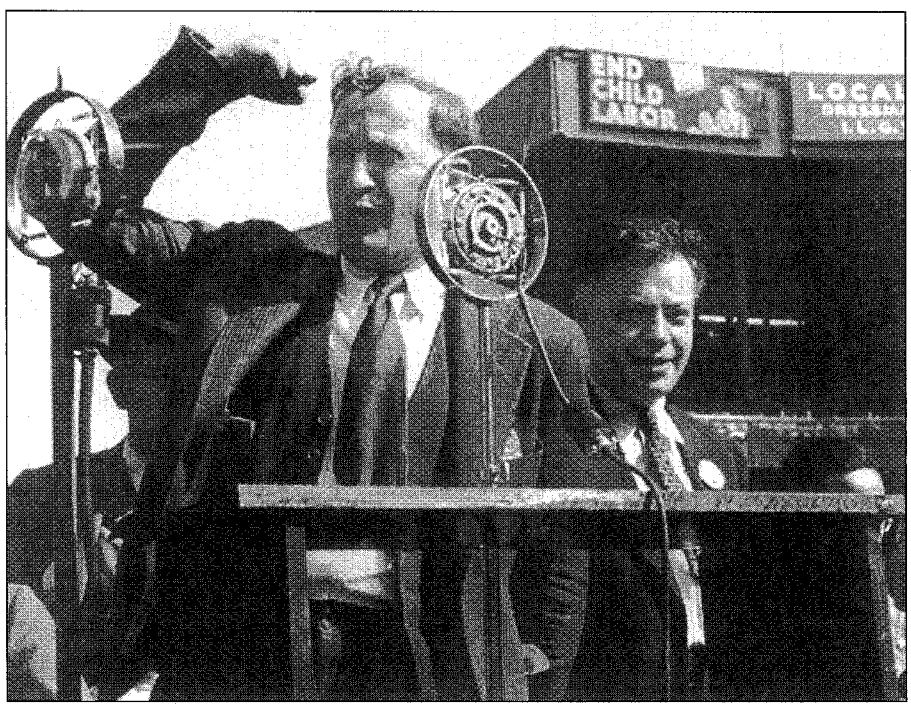
Returning to the United States, the formerly popular leader of the American Communists discovered that suddenly all support had evaporated, that he was now regarded as a traitor and a pariah. At that point, Lovestone reacted in a way that would be often repeated by former Communist true believers, who found themselves ostracized and without a home. With his small band of fellow supporters—now called Lovestoneites by the official CP—he declared himself the only true inheritor of the Leninist mantle in America, and formed a new opposition that he presumptuously called the Communist Party (Majority Group). It was composed of no more than 500 of his remaining supporters.

Lovestone and his band attacked and criticized the American Communist Party, while at the same time defending the Soviet Union and continuing to praise Stalin, all the while hoping that the dictator would welcome them back into the fold. Indeed, Lovestone continued his secret connection with, and work for, Soviet intelligence. His hope, as Morgan explains, was to "maintain his credibility as an orthodox Communist while continuing to argue for greater freedom for the foreign parties," to back Stalin's domestic policy while disagreeing with his Comintern and foreign policy. The tactic did not work.

Two things led to Lovestone's final break with Communism: the purge trial of his old ally and Comintern friend Nikolai Bukharin, and the destruction by Stalin's agents in Spain of the POUM, the revolutionary Communist opposition group in the Spanish Republic. By the time of the murder of Andres Nin, the leader of the POUM, by the Soviet secret police in Spain in 1937, Lovestone was ready to be done with Communism. Three weeks after Bukharin's death, he wrote publicly that the Soviet Union had become a "bureaucratic clique which is trying to perpetuate itself by sheer brute force, barbaric terror, blackest frame-up, and wanton blood spilling," and he called on the working class to do all in its power to "bring to an end a savage regime."

Coinciding with these developments was a growing tie between Lovestone and elements of a newly invigorated American labor movement, especially the New York garment workers led by David Dubinsky and the ILGWU local led by Charles "Sasha" Zimmerman, an ex-Communist who had been a charter member of Lovestone's opposition Communist group. Through Dubinsky, Lovestone met and drew close to George Meany, the future chief of the American Federation of Labor. Dubinsky assured Meany that Lovestone was "okay, he's been converted."

Indeed, Morgan argues that it was both Lovestone's strength and his weakness to have adopted the very tactics and methods that he used as a Communist in the new fight against the Soviet Union and its American supporters. Having become what Morgan calls "as committed an adversary of the Communist system as he had once been a fervent partisan," he became a member of the select "community of the disillusioned," a group that was composed of the likes of Whittaker Chambers, Ben Mandel, later a researcher for the House Committee on Un-American Activities, and Ben Gitlow, the former CP leader who became a principal government witness in the postwar trials of American Communist leaders. By habit and by indoctrination, this group "clung to the rhetoric and tactics of their former faith." Morgan quotes Lovestone as pointedly saying that "I couldn't have been a



COURTESY RANDOM HOUSE

Jay Lovestone (left) with David Dubinsky in the 1930s

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good anti-Communist if I hadn't been a good Communist."

By the late 1970s, such a tough stance would become an obstacle to political effectiveness. But in the late 1940s and 1950s, as Morgan observes, it was "an effective antidote to the popular front mentality of the war years." Indeed, it was Lovestone's familiarity with the Communist leaders and their avowed goals that allowed him to avoid being fooled, and prevented him from giving Stalin's successors the benefit of the doubt when it came to evaluating their worldwide aims. When Meany offered him the job of putting together the AFL's new postwar foreign policy arm, Lovestone jumped at the opportunity.

IT WAS IN THIS new alliance with Meany that Jay Lovestone was to make his mark on history. Working behind the scenes, and carefully staying out of the public limelight, Lovestone and his aide Irving Brown created the organizational structure and the political mechanism to build support for autonomous and independent trade unions in Western Europe after the defeat of Nazi Germany. And it is in the second half of Morgan's biography, in which the author reveals the work of Lovestone's foreign policy apparatus in Western Europe after the end of the war, that Morgan makes a major contribution to the understanding of this important operation to American foreign policy, as he challenges some of the myths and the misconceptions about its nature.

For many years, critics of Lovestone on the political left, including myself some thirty years ago, made the accusation that Lovestone's foreign policy, in conjunction with secret funding by the Central Intelligence Agency, compromised the labor movement's integrity, and allowed it to be used for the covert and essentially reactionary purposes of the American state. The argument was laid out in 1969 by Christopher Lasch, who wrote in *The Agony of the American Left* that those who received funding from the CIA—including intellectuals and labor activists—were serving the aims of the agency and not the causes that they thought they were serving. Lasch asserted that individuals such as Lovestone, "the same men in one lifetime to serve both the Communist party and the CIA," deluded themselves with the belief that they were "helping to make history—only to find, in both cases, that all they had made was a lie."

It is the merit of Morgan's biography of Lovestone that it allows us to see the full measure of Lasch's mistake. At the war's end, Western Europeans faced a strong Communist-led labor movement, which was funded to extravagant lengths by the Soviet Union's intelligence agencies. In the precarious immediate postwar period, when the renewal of Western Europe was not at all a foregone conclusion, the real danger existed that the destabilizing activities of the Communist unions in France and Italy would extend Stalin's grasp beyond the borders of Eastern and Central Europe, directly to the heart of the West. European unions were then affiliated with the Moscow-led World Federation of Trade Unions, which, loyally following Stalin's dictates, organized to produce labor opposition and to wage strikes against the Marshall Plan.

In response, the AFL and the CIO created the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions. Lovestone created a new labor body affiliated with the AFL and the ICFTU, the Free Trade Union Committee. It had as its central purpose "assisting free unions abroad" by providing funds, equipment, tactical advice, and anything else that was needed to combat the inroads of the Soviet-supported unions.

IN 1969, I told the story of Lovestone's and Brown's work to defeat the Communist stronghold on European labor in my book *American Labor and United States Foreign Policy: The Cold War in the Unions from Gompers to Lovestone*. I was strongly critical of Lovestone's political agenda, but I am very pleased to learn from Morgan's biography that essentially I got the story right. And Morgan's account now enables me to explain something that I could not explain before: Jay Lovestone regularly gave copies of my book to those who asked him what he was trying to accomplish, and urged others who called with questions to read it. I had interviewed Lovestone in his office in the old ILGWU offices in New York, and was subjected to a long harangue about the dangers of Communist expansionism in Europe, which at the time I took to be hyperbole. But Lovestone prided himself on the details of his work that I recorded.

In France, Lovestone and Brown funded and organized the *Force Ouvrière*, a new labor organization opposed to the Communist-led CGT. In Germany, they worked to create anti-Communist strength in the unions, and to oppose the efforts of pro-Communist fellow travelers who worked in the U.S. Army administration and favored the efforts of the Communists. As Morgan puts it, Lovestone's goal was to create "a strong trizonal and nondenominational labor federation ... [as] the best defense against the western zones of Germany becoming a Soviet satellite." Quoting a report for the CIA by Louis Wiesner, an American diplomat in postwar Germany, Morgan notes that "much of the credit for [the cold war victory in Germany] belongs to Jay Lovestone, Henry Rutz, Irving Brown ... and George Meany, who were the first to conclude that Soviet strategy was destined to take over all of Germany, and that the counterstrategy was to establish free German unions." It is entirely edifying to learn that it was Lovestone who gave John F. Kennedy the words "*Ich bin ein Berliner*."

WHICH BRINGS US BACK to the question of the CIA. For many years, Lovestone's friends and supporters in the labor movement foolishly denied CIA funding and involvement, permitting their opponents on the left to score ideological points by pointing to substantial evidence that proved conclusively that the unions were taking their money. But just as John L. Lewis had argued, when he hired Communist organizers for the CIO organizing drive in the 1930s, that he was using them to do the necessary job, Lovestone and his allies could have made the same argument about their CIA funding. Morgan conclusively proves what was suspected years ago: when AFL funding dried up, Lovestone and Brown turned for aid to the only remaining available source, the CIA.

After a meeting between Lovestone and Frank G. Wisner in 1948, Morgan writes, there "began a period of collaboration between the AFL and the CIA that lasted for more than twenty years." It was a collaboration that involved Lovestone, Brown, Meany, AFL Vice President Matthew Woll, and ILGWU chief David Dubinsky. But rather than becoming the captive of their source of funding, as Morgan notes, it often appeared that "American foreign policy was an instrument of the AFL." Or, as Lovestone often said to friends, the AFL was "simply carrying on what they had started before the CIA existed."

Indeed, Morgan provides much evidence to suggest that Lovestone was often more than dissatisfied with the CIA's analysis of events. Its agents had provided funds that allowed him to expand his work into Africa, Asia, and Latin America, but often they were obstinate and too tied to the interests of corporate business rather than the needs of independent labor unions. It is clear, however, that the heart of Lovestone's and the CIA's strategy was to furnish political and monetary support to social democrats and trade unions, which were, as Lovestone correctly understood, the true and reliable opponents of the Soviet Union. Rather than back political reactionaries and mercenary businessmen, the agency preferred

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Then & Now

July 28, 1943 — President Roosevelt is personally told by a Polish agent that Germany is proceeding to eliminate the Jews from Europe. He tells Roosevelt that he has seen the death camps and the ongoing slaughter of Jews in Europe.

March, 1999 — The Serbs start their offensive to ethnically cleanse Ethnic Albanians from Kosovo. The Serbs previously demonstrated their method of ethnic cleansing in Bosnia, specifically in Srebrenica where they herded 7,000 men and boys to a U.N. Safe Haven and executed them.

July 28, 1943 — President Roosevelt announces that the Allies have to win the war first and then they will come to the aid of the Jews in Europe. This policy continued until the end of the war with the Allies refusing the request of the World Jewish Congress to help Jews escape and refusing to bomb death camps. Four million more Jews die before the Allies win the war and come to the aid of the Jews in Europe.

March/April, 1999 — President Clinton announces: He has no intention of sending in ground troops in Kosovo, he announces a bombing campaign to stop the Serbs, and further states that as soon as this bombing campaign wins the war and drives the Serbs from Kosovo, NATO will come to the aid of the Ethnic Albanians. The Serbs proceed to murder, rape, burn villages and drive over 500,000 Ethnic Albanians from Kosovo.

History records that fifty-six years ago the first voice of the U.S. Government to issue a call for action to save the Jews of Europe from the ongoing genocide was the Foreign Affairs Committee of the U.S. Senate. It passed the following resolution on December 20, 1943:

"We have talked; we have sympathized; we have expressed our horror; the time to act is long past due."

HOW MANY MORE ETHNIC ALBANIANS WILL BE MURDERED, RAPED AND DRIVEN FROM KOSOVO BEFORE NATO WINS THE AIR WAR SO WE CAN COME TO THEIR AID?

History Is Repeating Itself In Europe.

We Cannot Wait To Win The Air War Before We Act To Save The Ethnic Albanians.

Once Again, The Time To Act Is Long Past Due.

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to thwart the appeal of Communism by funding and promoting Western European social democracy. Eventually Lovestone would find his most dependable ally in James Jesus Angleton, the legendary chief of counter-intelligence at the CIA, who took Lovestone under his command and provided him with off-the-books monetary support for years.

Other scholars have recently confirmed and supplemented Morgan's findings. Quenby Anne Olmsted has found information recording Lovestone's continual gripes with the Agency, among whose top personnel he detected anti-Semitic attitudes and a favoritism toward those from the world of upper-class privilege. Edmund Wehrle has pursued an area of inquiry largely ignored by Morgan, the policy pursued by Lovestone in Vietnam. Nothing was more contentious than AFL support for the United States during the war. This, more than any other issue, provoked many on the democratic Left to look askance at the labor movement. But Wehrle shows that the policy preferred by Lovestone was one of support to an independent South Vietnamese labor federation, which he hoped would stand aside from both the South Vietnamese regime and the Communists. As in Europe, Lovestone and Brown hoped to build a democratic reform alternative to the Viet Minh, which they correctly saw as threatening the chance for democracy. As Wehrle writes, the union supported by Lovestone and Brown "offered hundreds of rural and urban workers a viable alternative to the Viet Cong and the corrupt South Vietnamese state."

Ironically, just as Lovestone was functioning with his own worldwide intelligence agency, J. Edgar Hoover's FBI began to investigate him on the suspicion that he was a Soviet spy. Hoover's men spent more than seven years watching Lovestone and tapping his phone. One of their informants reported that Lovestone was "still a Communist and a very dangerous individual," a sleeper agent who tried to appear as an anti-Communist and who would resume his activities for the Soviet Union when the KGB demanded it. Finally, in February 1957, the FBI closed its file, concluding that "in essence [Lovestone] is anti-Communist." Morgan writes: "The FBI had started out suspecting that Lovestone was spying for the Soviets. It took the bureau seven years to realize that he was spying for us."

At the same time, the CIA executive Tom Braden was upset that Lovestone was using agency funds without strict accountability. As a result of his distaste, Lovestone's watch was passed on to a man who would become his confidant and his sponsor, James Jesus Angleton. As Morgan writes, he became Lovestone's "best friend and kindred spirit," each man being the "mirror image" of the other, a bond forged by the belief that only the two of them "had a higher understanding of the Soviet threat."

The problems for both men would begin after the death of Stalin. As others began to see the possibilities of what would later be called "détente," Lovestone and his allies bitterly resisted the new attitudes that were developing toward the post-Stalin leadership of the Soviet Union. And with Europe in a stable political condition, Lovestone turned his attention to the contest with the Soviets in the Third World. On this front, he often conflicted with others in the labor movement. He also became an ardent opponent of Zionism and the state of Israel. His argument was simplistic: since the Soviets were promoting Arab nationalism, the United States had to do them one better and work with and support pro-American Arab nationalists, who would be unwilling to work with the United States if the State Department was favorable to Israel.

At times Lovestone even slipped into the old familiar Stalinist rhetoric. Writing to one of his agents at the time of the Suez crisis, he argued that Israel had become "the catspaw of American imperialism." At other times he referred to the Israelis as "kosher rats." As Morgan notes, "Lovestone had never considered Israel a reliable ally in the struggle against the Communists."

By 1962, his worldwide group of CIA agents had retired or returned to the United States, and Lovestone's "great period of churning worldwide activity was over." Lovestone found it hard to adjust to the changing world. He remained firm in his belief that total opposition and complete non-cooperation were the only permissible policies toward the Soviet Union. Morgan calls him "an ideologue," with the ideologue's inability to accept any event that "disturbs their system of beliefs. The world changed, but Lovestone remained frozen in his position." To some extent, this judgment is correct. Still, in a more fundamental sense, it is unfair to Lovestone. At the critical hour, when Stalin had the opportunity and the resources to destabilize Europe, Lovestone sounded the clarion call for action, and became a one-man agency working to set in motion institutions and individuals to stand in Stalin's path. He knew that finally it was labor that would most oppose Communism, that business looked only at the bottom line and "had always been our greatest appeasers." Whatever concessions were

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being made, Lovestone opposed them. He had the luck to witness the fall of Communism, and died in March 1990.

Despite his failings, Lovestone's legacy is secure. Morgan writes that the seed he "planted is now acknowledged to have been one of the principal factors that gave democracy a chance for survival in Europe after the war." When the AFL-CIO and Lane Kirkland provided the backing, the funds, and the equipment for Solidarity in the last days of Polish Communism, they were pursuing the strategy first articulated by Lovestone. He may have been stubborn and blind to nuance, but as Morgan puts it, "it's not such a bad idea to have a Cassandra in the chorus."

With the help of the CIA, he fought the Soviets "on their own ground." He had what even his friends admitted was a distasteful "apparatchik mentality, deceitful and omissive." But even a limited and unpleasant man can leave a valuable legacy. Ted Morgan has captured his life and his times in what is likely to be their definitive treatment. In his introduction, Morgan writes that when he would tell friends what he was working on, they would often respond, "Jay who?" But Morgan has succeeded ably in portraying this extraordinary man who, as he writes, "cultivated anonymity." We will no longer have to ask, what was a Lovestoneite? ■

CORRESPONDENCE

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eroding the wages of the least skilled. By allowing foreign scientists into the United States, America is importing expertise and talent, making both cheaper and more readily available to all. Even the poorest in society can now aspire to a college education, something that might be unaffordable if universities could not hire cheap labor from abroad.

The quality of American-born scientists is enhanced when they are forced to compete with foreign-born counterparts, and the overall quality and quantity of American scientific endeavors improves by even more. Although Stossel clearly feels otherwise, few are harmed if, instead of physics or chemistry, some native-born college students, particularly those with marginal scientific acumen, choose to pursue degrees in law, a field where their English language skills and greater familiarity with American institutions afford them a comparative advantage.

MICHAEL BEN-GAD
Assistant Professor of Economics
University of Houston
Houston, Texas

TO THE EDITORS:

According to Scott Stossel, overproduction of Ph.D.s caused by federally funded university research produces a glut of Ph.D.s, which leads the best U.S. students to choose careers other than science. His solution is to regulate the number of new Ph.D.s and to make scientific research a viable middle-class career. Stossel lumped science, engineering, and mathematics together, but it's useful to consider engineering separately. Most Ph.D. students in engineering aspire to careers in industry, not in universities. Jobs are plentiful, and they pay well. Signing bonuses for new Ph.D.s are common; postdocs are the exception. The problems Stossel identifies in science are less prevalent in engineering, and engineering already has a viable "middle-class career trajectory." So is engineering less dependent on foreign talent than science? Stossel quotes a National Science Foundation finding that a third of new Ph.D.s in science come from foreign countries, but for engineering more than half come from foreign countries. Stossel addresses a serious issue, but his solution would not increase the proportion of U.S. students; it probably would be effective in damaging U.S. science.

MARK LUNDSTROM
Lafayette, Indiana

Microsofty

TO THE EDITORS:

Michael A. Cusumano seems optimistic when he proposes that a little reeducation of senior executives and a compliance officer will change Microsoft's corporate culture ("Open Windows," March 29). Microsoft has already signed a consent decree that it has ignored. That decree was wisely opposed by U.S. District Court Judge Stanley Sporkin as inadequate, but he was overruled on appeal. Now, the government has a chance to correct its error.

The value of Microsoft is its intellectual property. The right solution is to encourage competition. Create four or five companies. Let each of them own all of the intellectual property that Microsoft owns today. Make them compete against one another. This will create competition on the desktop. The new companies will have to differentiate themselves on software quality, innovation, and support. This breakup will allow PC manufacturers to reclaim their freedom, as the new software companies now would compete to be chosen by the manufacturers.

DAVID JENSEN
Madison, Wisconsin

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CAMBRIDGE DIARIST

Holy Wars

THE RUSSIAN JEWISH WRITER Isaac Babel called it the "holiness that knew no mercy." He came into the world during the era of the Black Hundreds and of the pogroms. So he had seen the sacred work of the Russian Orthodox Church, which was to bless the visiting of bloody enormities on the Jews. Today, it is its ecclesiastical brother, the Serbian Orthodox Church, that sanctifies the murder not of Jews but of thousands of Kosovar Muslims. And, come to think of it, the pogroms in the Pale of Settlement during 1881–82 and at Passover 1903 in Kishinev were, by modern reckoning, rather mild affairs. Still, after the last of these, the great modern Hebrew poet Chaim Nahman Bialik wrote in verse that seared as much as the news itself: "Arise now and go to the city of slaughter/Into its courtyard wind thy way/There with thine own hand touch, and with the eyes of thine head/Behold on tree, on stone, on fence, on mural clay/ ... The spattered blood and dried brains of the dead/ ... God called up the slaughter and the spring together."

ONLY 49 JEWS WERE KILLED AT KISHINEV, and this is more than the number murdered in all the pillage and mayhem two decades earlier. Why do I say "only"? It was, after all, these then-seen-as-grim tallies that provoked the first Jewish mass migrations from Russia to America and transformed many Jews into Zionists and also, already then, dispatched some to settle in Palestine. I say "only" because, if the Serbs had killed just 49 people in Kosovo, it would have attracted almost no attention in the world. Forty-nine dead in Rwanda? Would anyone know? And, if some did, would they care? Many hundreds, even thousands of victims are needed to evoke shock these days, and real outrage demands vaster numbers still. There might not be inflation in the American economy. But, as we have seen, there is a terrible inflation in the butchery required to get any power to stop it. In Kosovo, the irony is that France, as well as Germany under the Social Democrats (and the Greens!), is readier to do what is necessary than the United States is.

I THINK IT WAS ELIAS CANETTI, THE Bulgarian-born Jewish Nobel laureate in literature, who, in *Crowds and Power*, puzzled over why the German people were so unmoved by the sheer number of innocents put to death in the Holocaust. He speculated that they had been numbed by the inflation during Weimar when a million marks were worth nothing. Omer Bartov hypothesizes that it was the staggering death tolls of World War I that inured people to the calculus of the Nazi genocide. Suffice it to say that we are not, as a culture, easily stirred. But, when three American soldiers in Macedonia were captured by the Serbs and roughed up a bit, the president threatened swift and harsh retaliation. And, when the Kosovo Liberation Army finally captured a Serbian soldier and handed him over to the U.S. Army, this was treated as a kind of victory.

A GANGSTER AND A COMMUNIST, SLOBODAN MILOSEVIC presumably is also an atheist. But this has not kept him or, rather, his image from being paraded as an icon among other saints in processions at Orthodox churches. It is a repulsive sight. But it does not repel the faithful. In that part of the world, church is coterminous with nation, and what is done in the name of the nation is received as sacrament by the church. The Eastern churches, moreover, are bonded to one another like Siamese twins. And the defeat of the Serbs by the Turks at the battle of Kosovo Polje 610 years ago is seen by all of them as a triumph of infidel Mohammedans over Christendom. But it was not over Christendom per se but over Eastern Christianity, which, as Richard Pipes pointed out recently in these pages (see "East Is East," April 26 & May 3), holds the churches of the West in contempt. (Why do the pope and the archbishop of Canterbury seem so eager to heal the breach?) It's not altogether surprising, then, that just now there has been, at the initiative of Milosevic, some agitation in the parliaments of Russia, Serbia, and Belarus for a pan-Slavic union. (This reminds me of Gamal Abdel Nasser's fitful dream of a United Arab Republic, which was to cleanse the Jews from the Middle East.) How this tripartite entity would operate is not at all clear. But, according to *The New York Times*, Russian Orthodox Patriarch Alexy II has already blessed it. It would be a "great miracle ... guaranteeing our common spiritual triumph." One thing is clear: the patriarch is not into denial. But what does he really mean by "common"?

HISTORICALLY, THE EASTERN CHURCHES have been no friendlier to the Jews than their Western counterparts. That is one reason the Nazis had such an easy time finding in the occupied countries many non-German "willing executioners." This was true even in Serbia, whose exaggerated claims to have protected the Jews during World War II are accepted by many Jews today, even though the Germans exterminated all but a relative handful of Serbia's Jews, with some help from local collaborators. The noblest exception was Bulgaria. King Boris III, though head of a pro-German government, refused to allow trains to leave his country for the death camps. As a result, 78 percent of the country's prewar Jewish population of 64,000 survived. Greece's record is perhaps more mixed. Bishop Damaskinos of Athens helped that city's chief rabbi, Eli Barzilai, escape the country; Damaskinos was one of many Greeks who helped Jews escape. Still, in Thessaloniki, fewer than 2,000 Jews survived out of an ancient community that numbered 50,000 before the war; only seven of the 400 Jews of Crete survived. Today in Thessaloniki there is a Jewish Museum and a Holocaust memorial; yet the Aristotelian University of Salonika, built right on the 1,000-year-old Jewish cemetery, does not even have a plaque to memorialize what was there before. And of course modern Greece has been reflexively cool toward Israel. The fourth-century St. John Chrysostom is among the most revered patriarchs of the Greek Church; he and his texts are, in fact, the very font of religious anti-Semitism. And the Greeks do not like Muslims, either, partly because they were not well treated by the Ottoman Turks. History is a bitter mortgage. No surprise, then, that Greece, a full member of the NATO alliance, is balking at NATO's war against Milosevic.

WE ARE READY TO NAME THE CHURCH AND churches when we feel they are responsible for ideas and policies we don't like: the anti-abortion fight, for example. We know and say that there are religious wars between Hindus and Muslims (and one also between Muslims and Christians) in India. We grasp the essence of the struggles in Ireland as issues of faith and faithfulness. No one hesitates to blame Orthodox and ultra-Orthodox Jews (erroneously) for Bibi Netanyahu's views on permissible territorial concessions to the Palestinians. If you read or listen to the pundits, almost everything awry in the Arab world is due to Islamic fundamentalism (and, of course, to Israel). Some of this is right, some wrong, some exaggerated. Nonetheless: Why are we so reluctant to tell the quite simple truth about the Slavic wars—that is, to name the Eastern churches of Orthodox Christianity as partners in the near-genocide in Kosovo, as they were partners in the ethnic cleansing of Bosnia?

MARTIN PERETZ

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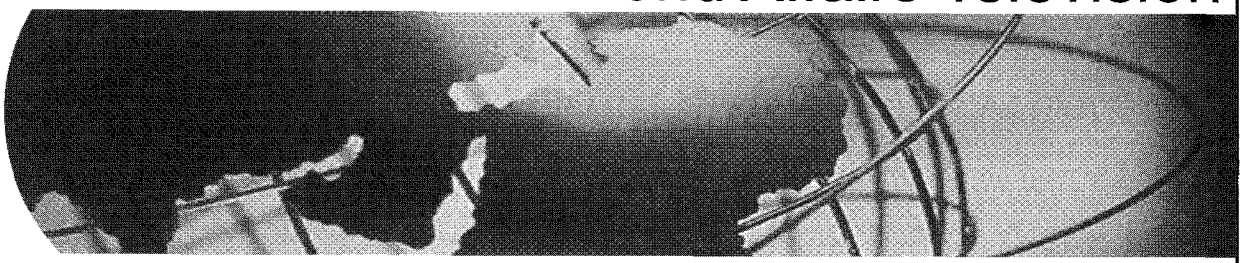

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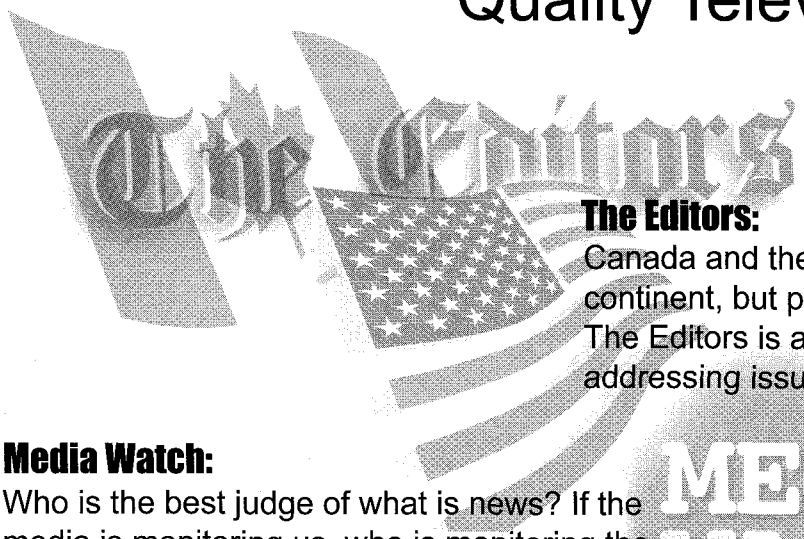

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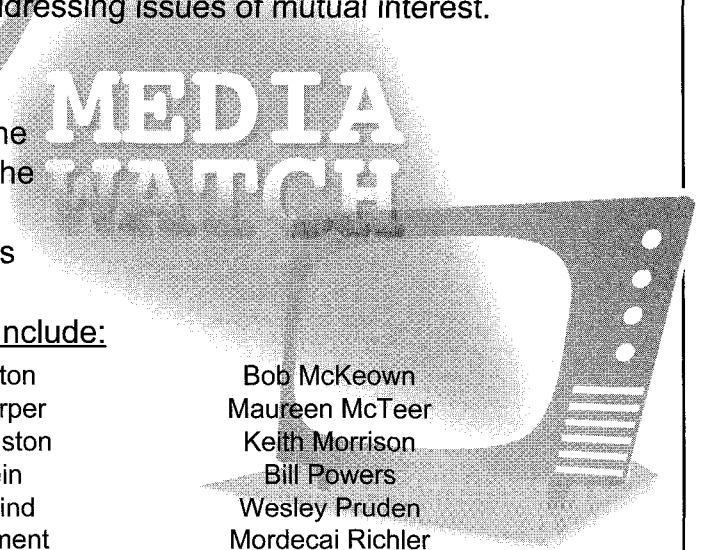

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